Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. | BE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. | Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 6. | EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872. | NUMBER 7.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.
The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

$100,000.00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

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L. D. SINE'S

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Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Monday, **March 25th, 1872.**

One Grand Capital Prize of

$10,000 IN GOLD!

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Five Prizes $1,000 each
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GREENBACKS.

Ten Family Carriages and Matched Horses with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $1,500.
Two Horses & Buggies, with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $600 each.
TWO Fine-Toned Rosewood Pianos, worth $500 each.
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1500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $25 to $300 each!
Ladies' Gold Leontine and Opera Gold Vest Chains, Solid and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 10,000. Tickets Limited to 50,000!

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $2; SIX TICKETS $10; TWELVE TICKETS $20; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $40.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE, 101 W. 5th St., | L. D. SINE, Box 86, CINCINNATI, O.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS
FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in a store of this character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our low rates and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly not be the fault of the new firm in the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.
Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of our newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

CHERRYTREE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGE.—This popular Institution will open for the summer session on the first Monday of May, 1872, under the instruction of a corps of competent teachers, in the College buildings in the pleasant village of Cherrytree, Indiana county, Penna. Course of instruction thorough, vocal and instrumental music included. Good boarding furnished at from $2.50 to $3 per week. For further information apply to either of the undersigned

DIRECTORS.
Hon. R. H. M'Cormick, H. B. Kinports, John Eason, | Dr. E. Brallier, Dr. A. R. Lovelace.
Cherrytree, Feb. 3, 1872.-3m.

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
JAMES CASEY, T. C. FOGARTY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,
No. 315 Liberty Street,
Dec. 16, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINE FARM AND SUMMER RESORT FOR RENT.—The well known and admirably located property owned and occupied by the undersigned, situated in Washington township, Cambria county, on the Turnpike, one mile west of Cresson, is offered for rent on reasonable terms.

The Farm and Buildings are in excellent condition, the property being in every way suited to the accommodation of city visitors during the summer months, for which purpose it is now used.

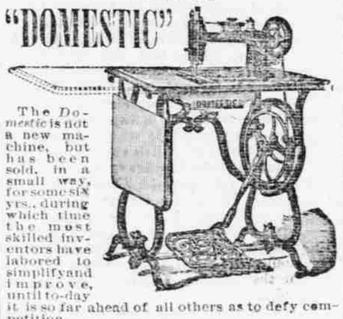
MRS. ALICE SMYTH.
Cresson, Feb. 3, 1872.-6t.

BRICK FOR SALE.—Good Brick can be purchased at reasonable rates from the undersigned. JOHN McMULLIN,
[2-3.-6t.] Near Catholic Church, Ebensburg.

SEWING MACHINE AGENTS WANTED,

TO SELL THE

"DOMESTIC"



The *Domestic* is not a new machine, but has been sold, in a small way, for some six years, during which time the most skilled inventors have labored to simplify and improve, until to-day it is so far ahead of all others as to defy competition.

It has but sixty pieces, counting every part of Machine and stand, while the Howe Machine contains 244. This will give an idea of its simplicity. It will do work, fine and coarse, that no other machine will attempt, from the finest gossamer to FIFTY thicknesses of dressed muslin; it will sew without change of needle, thread or tension. All movable parts are made of hardened steel and burnished bearings.

IT MAKES NO NOISE WHATEVER,

and the proprietors hereby offer

A Reward of One Hundred Dollars for any other Lock Stitch Machine that will run as light.

The shuttle is a cylinder, without a rivet or spring; can be filled by a blind person, and holds one hundred yards of cotton!

We claim it, and can show, a list of fifty points of superiority over any machine in the market. To experienced agents the most liberal inducements will be offered. Machines consigned and commissions paid in full, in cash, at the end of each month. A handsome wagon, worth $250.00, furnished without charge, and sufficient time given to purchasers to enable the agent to compete with any Company in the State.

R. W. STEADMAN & CO.,
No. 29 Sixth Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA., for the year ending January 8, 1872:

Amount insured at last settlement	$	850,375 12
" " since last "		197,575 00
		1,047,950 12
Surrendered and cancelled since last settlement		185,575 00
Amount insured and in force		861,375 12
Amount of premium notes in force at last settlement		88,369 19
Amount taken during the year		19,693 28
		108,062 42
Amount surrendered and cancelled during the year		18,587 64
Amount in force at close of year		89,475 82
Balance on hand at last settlement		727 68
Interest received		60 00
Amount of percentage, etc.		881 89
Amount rec'd from county on Bond		400 00
		$2,079 67
No. of Policies issued during year		189—
Whole number now in force		627
To amount paid—		
On purchase of Borough Bond		$500 00
Secretary's Fees		87 50
Treasurer's Salary		30 00
Rent		40 00
Extra Commission to Agents		122 00
Printing		17 75
Postage		3 48
Fuel and Light		10 00
Ink and Stationey		3 00
Fees of Officers		25 00
Stamps		20 00
Losses by Fire		2,200 00
To amount in hands of Agent		23 17
		$3,132 20

The loss not yet paid is provided for by Assessment No. 3, which (when collected) amounts to $3,579.00, less per centage.

Amount in County Bonds $300
Amount in Borough Bonds ..... 500—$1,100

JOHN WILLIAMS, *President.*
R. J. LLOYD, *Secretary.*
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-3t.

IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE

WITH THE

NEW DRAW FEED,

Has just been received, and is now the BEST FAMILY MACHINE in the market. It makes the

Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless, Easily Operated,

and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory, to whom we will give the MOST LIBERAL TERMS. The *ELLIPTIC* is the EASIEST MACHINE TO SELL in the market.

HOWARD PATON & CO.
General Agents,
17 FIFTH AVENUE,
Feb. 24, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

M. WHITMORE, C. B. WOLFE. | THOS. H. LANE. | CHAS. T. NEALE, JNO. D. CHERRY.

WHITMORE, WOLFE, LANE & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
HARDWARE,
Sign of the Anvil, No. 50 Wood St.,
(Three doors above St. Charles Hotel,)
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Invite the attention of buyers to their Spring Stock, which, in selection and price, is unsurpassed in the country.

They are Agents for American File Company's celebrated **Files** and **Rasps, Rubber Belting** and **Packing, Wilson, Hawksworth, Fillson & Co.'s English Steel, Pittsburgh Steel, Locks, Shovels,** &c.
Sold at manufacturers' prices. [2-24.-3m.]

PIANOS, $300. ORGANS, $45.

No one should be without **Piano** or **Organ**, when, by saving $3 or $5 per week, you can buy such instruments as *Decker & Barnes'* unrivaled Pianos, *Hallet, Davis & Co.'s* and *Bradford & Co.'s* Pianos, and the unequaled *Taylor & Farley Celestes Organs.* Old instruments taken in part payment for new ones. *Monthly payments taken.* Special rates to *Preachers, Churches, S. Schools* and *Teachers.* Send for circular or call on S. HAMILTON & CO., 51 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Feb. 24, 1872.-1m.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in the rear of J. Buck & Co.'s store, and residence (where night calls can be made) one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1871.]

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa, Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above places and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, Notions, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. [April 11, 1868.]

From the Aldine for March.

THE MAN IN BLUE.

BY RICHARD BOYLE DAVEY.

I am a professor of music, and was born in the last century, at Salesburg, in Germany. My father was a rich and influential merchant of that city; but *fanot ico per la musica*, as the Italians say, music mad. Knowing that at his death each of his children would inherit an ample fortune, he permitted us somewhat to neglect our other studies, so that we might dedicate more time to his beloved science, music. My two sisters played remarkably well on the spinet, and sang deliciously. Karl, my only brother, was the flutist of the family, and I devoted myself to the violin. At sixteen years of age, I believed myself an adept on this difficult instrument. My violin was my constant companion. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to take my dear "Fortunato," for so I called it, into the woods, and there, by the murmuring brook, beneath the rustling trees, improvise new airs, and vary old ones, to my hearts content.

So greatly did my father delight in displaying the talents of his children, that he organized every Thursday afternoon an amateur concert, at which at least a quarter of the town assisted—to listen to, admire, or criticise, about as much music as could possibly be crowded into a three hours' performance, divided into two equal parts, by a tray of light refreshments handed round by Karl and myself.

One fine Thursday afternoon in Autumn, just as the first of our pieces was concluded, a very singular looking individual entered the concert room. He was as thin and pale as an unearthly apparition, and entirely dressed in shabby garments of light blue colored corduroy. His well-worn knee breeches were blue, his jacket was blue, his vest was blue, and the huge cravat that fastened his great flapping shirt-collar was also blue. His face was the most melancholy in expression that it is possible to imagine. He had a big, hooked nose, thin lantern jaws, and the only redeeming feature which he posessed, his dark and intelligent eyes, were hidden by a pair of goggle spectacles. His hair was bright red and uncut, and his beard, I verily believe, had never been trimmed since it first began to grow.

He did not attempt to apologize for his intrusion into our company, but without looking to the right or to the left made straight for a vacant seat, and taking it prepared to listen to the music with marked attention. It was my turn to play, but I was so confused, so utterly dumbfounded by the appearance of this strange personage, that when I struck my violin with the bow my hand trembled so much that I could not produce a sound. I tried again and again, and was about to give it up in despair when the Man in Blue rose from his seat and came directly to me. "Young man," said he, "you have a more difficult instrument there than you think for; hand it to me, I will play in your stead." I mechanically gave him "Fortunato." Presently he commenced. Never in all my life had I ever heard such playing. The instrument seemed to have within its wooden frame a divine soul, capable of expressing every possible emotion—joy, grief, passionate agony, and triumphant jubileo. We were all amazed and delighted, and at the termination of the "concerto" such a burst of enthusiastic applause greeted the singular performer that he seemed quite overcome and confused; he, however, bowed his acknowledgments in the most grotesque fashion.

I must here mention that we were on the eve of a grand annual musical festival, at which some of the greatest musicians of Germany had declared their intention of being present. My father, naturally concluding that our strange guest was some celebrated maestro, who had arrived incognito, hastened to thank him for the favor he had conferred upon us, and, also, to offer him the hospitality of his house during his stay in our town. The Man in Blue at first refused, then hesitated, and finally accepted my father's pressing invitation.

For one week we surrounded him with every attention, and he, by his gentle manners and genius, soon won our affection and respect. But all our attempts to find out who he was, and whence he came, proved vain; he took no notice of our discreet hints, and not one of us dared to ask him the question point blank. He set himself to work to teach me a great many things about the violin, of which I was previously ignorant, and to this curious man I owe many of my greatest triumphs. "My son," he would say, "love music; music is the food of the soul—the only possession we have on earth which we shall retain in heaven."

If a stranger happened to pay us a visit, our new friend would immediately take refuge in the garden. He liked to be alone with Karl, myself, and his violin. One day a merchant named Krebbs arrived on business which he had to transact with my father, and as he entered he stumbled against the Man in Blue, who was making good his escape. The poor violinist, on perceiving merchant Krebbs, became as pale as death, and tottered to a seat in the garden, covered with confusion, and hid his face in his hands.

"Well, I'm sure," said Krebbs to my father, "you are an odd man to take in that creature. Why, I thought he was in prison, or drowned, or run over."

"You know him then?" asked my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Know him—of course I do. Why, his name is Beze; he is a carpenter by trade. But, bless you, he's as mad as a March hare. Some time ago our church organ was struck by lightning. Beze came forward at once, and proposed to mend it gratis, provided the parish furnished the materials. As he was known for a good musician and a clever workman, our cure granted his request. To work went he; night and day he labored for at least six weeks. At last the organ was mended, Beze struck a chord or so, and it appeared better than ever. The day arrived for the first public hearing of the renovated instrument; the mayor, the notabilities—all the village, in short, were present, and Beze himself did not fail to appear, attired as usual in blue. Blue is his color. He made some vow or other, years ago, to the Virgin, never to wear any other but her colors—blue and white. I tell you he is crazy. But to return to the organ. When our old organist commenced to play upon it not a sound would it produce—except when he pulled the stop out. Off went the organ, *whoo, whee*, and then it set to squeaking and whistling like mad. The gids began to laugh, the mayor to swear, and the cure grew furious. Beze is a fool—Beze is an idiot! He has ruined the organ, cried every one, and soon, amid the derision of the congregation, your friend left the church. Strange to say, since that day we have never seen the creature; but our organ is completely spoilt, and remains dumb."

Thus spoke merchant Krebbs. I would hear no more, but hurried out to console my poor friend. I found him beneath an apple tree, sitting all forlorn, and his face turned toward the sinking sun. "Ah! my young friend," he said, "do you see yon little cloud which obscures the splendor of the sun? So the words of a foolish man may tarnish the fame of a genius."

"But," I replied, "see, the little cloud has vanished already, and the light of the sun is but the brighter for the contrast."

He smiled. "The cloud that hangs over my tarnished name will have to pass away soon, or it will be too late. That organ which I constructed has a soul within it. All my life I have labored to know how to lodge my ideal music within the compass of a single instrument. I have done this. The soul is there. But I know not how to play upon the organ, and they, in their blind rage, will not allow me to explain to them. Oh, if I could before I die but find Sebastian Bach! He would call to life the soul of music that lies sleeping in my organ, and prove to the world that Beze is neither mad or an impostor."

My kind father took no notice of what merchant Krebbs had said, and when he joined us in the garden he entreated Beze to play for him in the open air. The Man in Blue played for us a number of national and simple melodies in such a manner that several times I saw tears in my father's eyes; at last he said, as the musician finished: "Friend, though your organ is a failure, your violin is truly heavenly. Stay with me yet a while."

"My organ is not a failure; it is the real triumph of my life."

"But no one can play on it"

"One day some one will, and then—"

"Well, we will say no more about it Come, the supper is ready." And he led the way in.

The next morning the Man in Blue was gone. We were sorry at his disappearance; but soon forgot all about it in our anxiety over the festival which was near at hand. Gluck had promised to come, and we were anxious to know with whom he would stay. Then Bach arrived, and soon came Graun—illustrious Graun—whose noble mind alone inspired his lovely melodies; and with him those inseparable geniuses, Furch and Hass. And Hamburgh sent us Gasman and Tellman. Few of you have, I dare say, even heard the name of these great composers; and yet, believe me, you are more familiar with their melodies than you imagine.—Many of the popular tunes you so much admire I have heard in my youth, fresh from the minds of their original composers, free from the twirls and shakes clumsily added to them to disguise their true origin.

These illustrious persons were as simple and unostentatious in their manner as it is possible to be. They assembled in the Hall of St. Cecilia, and I had the privilege of assisting at their rehearsals. I often passed hours listening to their long discourses on harmony, on keys, scales, and chords. Sometimes one of them would call for a draught of beer, or offer his companions a bottle of Ruine wine. One night Gluck played, for the first time, a portion of his "Iphigenia;" and, on another, Bach enchanted us by a performance of his delightful preludes. Bach, somehow or other, took a fancy to me. He had observed the marked attention with which I listened to the different composers, and to their music. He asked me my name, and who my father was: and I, in answer, growing bold, not only related all that concerned myself, but also the story of my friend in blue.

"An organ that no one can play upon?" exclaimed the great composer. "Well, that is singular."

"But I am sure you can."

"Why?"

"Because I'm certain that the man who made the organ is a great musician, although he cannot play upon it himself, and thoroughly understood what he was about; he plays upon the violin."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun.

I hesitated, and hung my head: I did not dare say "yes," and yet I would not say "no."

"Speak up, my boy; say the truth always, and shame the devil."

"He plays better than you, sir, I think; but then he plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a close room."

"True, it does"

"My masters," said I, at last, after some hesitation, "will any one of you, in your charity, try the organ—the village is not distant—and thus justify the poor man?"

"I will, myself," answered Bach, "on Sunday. But say nothing about it to any one. Only to your friend, in order to induce him to be present in the church on that morning."

With heartfelt thanks I gave the illustrious composer my promise to obey in every particular his injunctions.

On leaving the St. Cecilia Hall that evening (it was Friday), to my surprise almost the first person I met was the Man in Blue. Hidden in the courtyard of the hall he had been listening to the music, and was in a state of nervous enthusiasm which quite alarmed me. I hesitated to inform him what Bach intended to do, but at last did so. He received the news in a manner that I little expected. He made no demonstration of joy, but followed me in silence until we were in a lonely part of the town—a little square, in the centre of which grew three or four old trees. Here he paused, and sinking on his knees prayed earnestly. The moon shone down upon his uplifted face, and it seemed almost beautiful, so great was the expression it bore of earnest devotion and intellect.—When he had finished his prayer, he embraced me in silence, and we parted.

Sunday arrived, and at an early hour I started for the church of the village of ——. As I traversed the little field in front of it, I beheld, advancing from the opposite side, several of the professors, and amongst them Bach. By-and-by, as it got noised about that some of the celebrities were in the church, it was filled to excess. Presently, Bach mounted the organ-loft. How my heart beat! Mass began. At the "Kyrie," for the first time, the hitherto mute instrument gave forth sounds—but sounds of such heavenly sweetness that the congregation was thrilled as if by the music of the angels. As the Mass advanced the more marvelous became the harmony. The "Agnus" was so plaintive that I saw tears in the eyes of Gluck, who stood by me, and the "Sanctus" sounded so triumphantly that it required but little imagination to believe that the Cherubim and Seraphim were present singing their jubilant song of praise: "Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Sabaoth."

And the Man in Blue, where was he?

By the altar, with his face turned towards his organ. His whole countenance was radiant, his eyes were bright, and a look at once ecstatic and serene passed over his features—a look of such supreme happiness that his homely features appeared absolutely beautiful. But how etherial he looked!

When the Mass was concluded the congregation passed round the porch to see the great composers. "Long live Bach!" "Hail to Gluck!" they cried as they recognized these popular men.

But Bach held aloof. "Lead me," he said, "to that man of genius who has so wonderfully improved that king of instruments."

"Master," I replied, "he is in the church." And we re entered the sacred edifice together, followed by Graun. I led them to the Man in Blue. But what a change had come over him! The pallor of death was on his brow; he had sunk back on a bench—and, when he perceived us, vainly strove to rise. "Ah! excuse me, my masters. I receive you very badly; but I am not well—the joy has killed me. I am dying, gentlemen, of joy."

They raised him between them. I ran for the priest, and to the doors, which I shut, to prevent the entrance of any intruders.

"Master, whilst I confess, play to me," he said to Bach.

Bach, seeing that mortal aid was useless, left us, and went up to the organ. Solemnly he played. He played, as he afterwards said, as he had never done before or since.—The priest arrived, and Graun and I knelt down whilst the Man in Blue received the last sacraments of the church. When this pious act was accomplished we went nearer to him. He took my hand, and Graun rested his head upon his breast. Solemnly the music stole through the silent church; solemnly the sunlight streamed through the stained windows, and the Angel of Death stood within the temple of God.

"I am very happy," murmured the dying man, "since Bach plays to me on my organ, and Graun permits me to rest my dying head upon his bosom."

To me he said, "God bless thee, my child—tell them I was not mad, or an impostor. My organ had a soul."

Graun stooped and kissed his pale brow, and with an exquisite look of gratitude for this act of sympathy and respect, he died, and the Angel of Death winged his way to heaven, bearing the poor carpenter's soul to God.

A MORTUARY LIST.—The Boston Bulletin has the following valuable mortuary list: "Methuselah died of liver complaint; Lot's wife, of salt rheum. Absalom fell a wigtim to hairyspielas. Goliah died of the stone; Haman, of the dropsy; Nebuchadnezzar, of too much vegetable diet, leaving Mrs. N. a grass widow. John Bunyan, troubled by corns, took his pill-grimly and progressed. Desdamona also took a pill ow. Sampson was killed by a pill-ar, too. Montgolifer was (s)pilled out of a balloon. Julius Cæsar was (s)killed in war. John Rogers died of an overdone *steak*. Romeo died of heart disease. Governor Hoffman dyed his moustache. Artemus Ward was joked to death."

AN editor in Cicero, Ind., on taking charge of the New Era, greets his readers with this vigorous salutatory: "It is the fashion for an editor to write a long introduction on taking charge of a paper; but as we are well acquainted with near every man in the county, it is only necessary to say that we intend to do as we please, and announce that our motto is Two Almighty Dollars a Year in Advance."

ULYSSES AND THE EGGS.

Affecting Incident in the Boyhood of Our President.

To the Editor of The Sun, New York.

SIR: I have recently had the pleasure of a visit from Rev. Jotham Shillett, a venerable clergyman of the Hard Shell Baptist persuasion, who in the earlier days of his ministry, found his field of labor for a long time in Clermont county, Ohio, where our gifted President first saw the light of day.

Mr. Shillett was intimately acquainted with old Mr. Jesse Grant, and tells many interesting anecdotes of that gentleman and his now famous son. One of them I have thought worth sending to you, feeling assured it will afford great gratification to the admirers of the President, as it describes an incident somewhat similar to one which occurred in the boyish days of the great and good George Washington.

THE OLD MAN'S SHANGHAI FOWLS.

When Ulysses was a small boy his father became the owner of a few Shanghai fowls, which were a rare curiosity in those days.—These fowls the old gentleman took great pride in, and he could not be prevailed on to sell any of the breed, or any of their eggs, although he gave away a few eggs to one or two of his relations, on condition that none of the chickens should be permitted to fall into the hands of anybody outside of the family. Old Mr. Grant always set great store by his relations—an admirable trait which his son has inherited; if he had not done so, he would never have allowed any of his much-prized Shanghai hen's eggs to leave his possession But so long as the breed was kept in the family he was contented.

THE OLD MAN'S TROUBLED COUNTENANCE.

One afternoon the old gentleman was seen to leave the village grocery, where he had been passing a few hours discussing the questions of the day with his neighbors, with a troubled aspect of countenance. He wagged his head savagely as he proceeded toward his home, and muttered indistinctly to himself as he hastened along with quick and nervous strides. He had evidently received it intelligence which had moved him strangely. On his way to his house he stopped and cut a formidable hickory gad, about four feet in length, which he carefully trimmed, after which he proceeded with accelerated speed.

THE BOY'S FAVORITE RECREATION.

When Mr. Grant arrived at his home, his first inquiry was for Ulysses. No one had lately seen him, but after some search the old gentleman found the future President of the United States standing on his head in the corner of the barn. This was a favorite recreation with Ulysses in his youthful days; he had picked up the accomplishment at the time that he made his celebrated visit to the circus, when he rode the pony. I am informed that he has often attempted the feat since reaching maturity, but generally with indifferent success. He never had any difficulty in getting his head in the right position—the trouble was in elevating his heels.

THE RETICENCE OF THE BOY.

Upon hearing his father's footsteps Ulysses quickly reversed his attitude and anxiously scrutinized the parental features. The old gentleman's face was flushed, he was breathing quickly, and the precocious boy at once realized that there was music in the air. But he wisely held his tongue, and with a creditable reverence for old age, waited for his father to break the silence which prevailed. The old gentleman advanced, carefully concealing the hickory gad behind his back, and assuming a forced smile, coaxingly addressed his son:

THE OLD MAN'S INVITATION.

"'Lysses, my son, come here; I've got a nice present for you."

"Can't see it Pop; too thin; that's played; I've been there," artlessly responded the boy, and although his eyes had twinkled on hearing the word "present," he never moved. At the same time, however, his eyes glanced in all directions, as if seeking an opportunity to bolt. But it was of no use; his father had him cornered.

The old gentleman, who was always a man of great sagacity, at once saw that he was master of the situation, and that further concealment was useless. So bringing the gad into view, he drew it caressingly through his fingers, as, with a grim, suspicious smile, which Ulysses too well knew, he mildly addressed his offspring:

THE BOY'S INGENUOUSNESS.

"'Lysses, my son, do you know how Deacon Potter come to have some of my Chinee chicken aigs?"

Ulysses hesitated but a moment, and then with quivering lips, the noble boy ejaculated: "Father, it will not pay to tell a lie; I hooked the aigs and sold 'em to the Deacon, but"—he hurriedly added as fire gleamed from the old man's eyes, and the gad was raised on high—"but I biled 'em!"

"Biled 'em?" said old Mr. Grant, greatly agitated.

"Yes, biled every dog gone one of 'em, and the old Deacon's hens can set on 'em till the cows come home, but they won't never hatch nary chicken."

THE OLD MAN'S ADMIRATION.

"Come to your daddy," exclaimed his father with outstretched hands, "I'd rather you would hook and sell a thousand biled aigs than have that breed of Chinee chickens go out of the Grant family."

The blushing boy advanced to his parent, who patted him on the head and regarded him with great parental pride.

"And so you biled 'em," the father said. "Well, now, I never! Who'd a supposed the boy would have thought of that? 'Lysses, my son, I'm proud of you. *You'll be President of the United States yet*, if you only keep on. And you served the old Deacon just right. What did you get for the aig.—biled?"

Ulysses cast a suspicious glance at his father, which, the latter observing, hastily added, "The money's your'n, my son; you've earned it fairly, and you shall have it."

Thus reassured, Ulysses proudly responded:

"He gave me a dollar for half-a-dozen of 'em."

"A dollar for half-a-dozen of 'em—biled?" exclaimed the old gentleman, greatly excited. "You lie, 'Lysses, he didn't; did he, though?"

THE OLD MAN'S IMPOLITENESS.

"He gave me a round silver dollar of 'em," answered the truthful boy.

"A round silver dollar," said the old gentleman with an incredulous air. "Let me see it, my son."

Ulysses produced a four-bladed knife from his pocket, and carefully ripping open the lining to the waistband of his trousers, brought forth the coin from its place of concealment, where he had intended to keep it until the Fourth of July. The impulse of patriotism manifested itself in our President at a very early period of his life.

The old gentleman took the dollar in his hand and examined it carefully. As he gazed upon it a pleasant expression rippled over his features, spreading and spreading until his whole countenance beamed with satisfaction and delight, and every wrinkle in his venerable visage became an individual smile. Then with tears of joy and pride he said to the boy:

THE OLD MAN'S HONEST PRIDE.

"'Lysses, my son, you've honestly earned this money. There's few boys at your age would have thought of biling the aigs. The money is yours—your own. And for fear that you should lose it, I'll keep it for you"

So saying, the old man dropped the coin in a capacious leather purse, and placed it in his pocket. He has been keeping that dollar for Ulysses ever since.

This little story is very interesting, not only as showing the extraordinary foresight of the elder Grant in predicting while Ulysses was yet but a child that he was destined to adorn the Presidential chair, but also as illustrating the great truths that the boy is the father of the man, and that as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined.

MORAL.

If Gen. Grant in his childhood had met with the misfortune of having been trained to a reckless indifference to the value of money, it is not likely that his admirers would now be able to boast that he is not only the greatest and wisest, but also the wealthiest President who has held the reins of government since this nation has existed. And this, too, when only a few years ago he was selling leather in Galena on a salary of eight hundred dollars a year.

If any one doubts the entire authenticity of this story, I have permission to refer him for confirmation of its truth to my venerable and pious friend, the Rev. Jotham Shillett, whose present post-office address is Sodom, Putnam county, N. Y. Yours for Grant's re-election forever. ABNER BUNG.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE PERSONAGE.—From a Washington county paper we obtain the following account of a rather remarkable man, Mr. William W. Hawthorn, who died at his residence in Millsborough, that county, a few days ago. At the age of about thirteen, he was afflicted with rheumatism, which affected his extremities so seriously as to deprive him of the use of both legs and also his right arm. His feet were drawn up against the thighs, and his right arm and hand contorted into everything but a natural position. The flesh on these limbs gradually shrivled away, while his head and body continued to grow into all the proportions of a well developed man. For the purpose of locomotion he was placed in a box, in which, constantly lying on his back, he attended to all kinds of business for the last *sixty years*. He acquired a common English education, and taught school for a number of years, and at the time of his death was serving his seventh term as a justice of the peace, having acted in that capacity for nearly thirty-five years. He used the pen with his left hand, and wrote a very accurate and legible hand. In 1853 he was awarded a contract for carrying the United States mail on the route between Pittsburgh and Waynesburg, and also another, which we have forgotten, and at the expiration of the first term he was awarded the contract a second time. He kept a number of horses and faithful employees, but he superintended the whole business himself, frequently driving in a one-horse spring wagon to Pittsburgh, Washington and Waynesburg, with only a small boy for company.

At the age of 23 or 25, he eloped with a Miss Wilson, and was married without the consent of her friends, but she being of suitable age for matrimony, no trouble ensued. His wife proved to be a valuable helpmate for a man in his peculiar situation, and as time sped away she bore him twelve or thirteen children. He possessed an iron will, and almost an iron constitution, and by dint of indomitable energy and economy, he accumulated at various times quite a respectable amount of property. Compelled, as he was, to remain continually in a recumbent posture, he wrote with his paper on a small board placed across his breast; and by the necessary habit of keeping his head raised upward and forward, the muscles of his neck acquired sufficient strength to enable him to hold his head in that situation for hours without apparent fatigue. Being a native of Washington county, and for many years intermixed with a very large amount of public business, he will be long remembered as one of the most remarkable men of the day.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN ALEXIS RECEPTION.—The following extract from the report of the Alexis reception at Topeka, by the Fort Scott Occasional, is not bad: "Miss Petuit de Meningitis was the cynosure of all eyes as she promenaded, leaning heavily upon the cork flipper of Count Sawinyromanoseff, a Russian naval officer, whose breast looked like the show window of a tin shop, glittering as it was with temperance badges, baggage checks, and the gorgeous paraphernelia of a dollar-store. His fair companion's face was flushed with excitement and Laird's Bloom of Youth, and her eyes fairly flashed with merriment and belladonna, as she listened to the diptheria-producing monosyllables of the count."

SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY.—Scarlet fever—the "red demon of the nursery"—diptheria and other fatal diseases are now creating consternation among the children in various parts of the country. There is still another sly and fatal disease which needs timely watching, particularly at this season of the year—croup. A lady correspondent of a popular agricultural journal gives the following as an effective remedy for the complaint: Half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum, mixed with a little molasses. The remedy is one almost always at hand, and one dose seldom fails to give relief. If it should not, repeat it after one hour

THE printed labels on the end of thread spools are excellent materials from which to cut patterns for the new style of bonnets.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : March 9, 1872.

Democratic State Convention.

Pursuant to a resolution of the Democratic State Executive Committee this day adopted, a Democratic State Convention in numbers equal to the representation in both houses of the Legislature, is hereby called to meet in Reading, Pa., on Thursday, May 30th, 1872, at 11 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court, and (should the Legislature so determine) for Auditor General and delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention, and also to form an electoral ticket and select senatorial and representative delegates to represent the State in the Democratic National Convention.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, *Chairman.*

Attest—WM. M'CLELLAND, *Secretary.*

Harrisburg, Feb. 15, 1872.

The Constitutional Convention.

When the voters of this State with great unanimity decided at the last October election in favor of calling a convention to alter and amend the constitution, they had a right to expect that their wish would be substantially and practically complied with by the Legislature. A few days after the present session convened, the business of preparing the necessary legislation on the subject was referred to a special committee, consisting of *nine* members, with Mr. White, of Allegheny county, as chairman. About a month ago a bill was reported by the committee fixing the number of delegates to the convention at *ninety nine*, the election of the members to take place on the 14th of May, and the convention to meet some time in June. By the terms of this bill, each Senatorial District would elect *two* delegates to the convention, which would give *sixty six*, and the remaining *thirty three* were to be elected by the voters of the whole State, no elector to vote for more than *eighteen*. This bill, which would nearly preserve a political equality in the convention, was well received and appeared to give general satisfaction. A short time ago it came regularly before the House of Representatives for consideration, and then it was discovered, notwithstanding the committee had bestowed upon the subject careful and mature deliberation before arriving at a conclusion, that about one-fourth of the members had pet projects of their own entirely at variance with the views of the committee as embodied in their bill. The bill was discussed at great length—amendments innumerable were offered—and the result was, that when the mountain had got safely through with its labor, another and quite a different issue was brought to light, so that the astonished Mr. White was unable to recognize a single feature of his own bantling.

The bill, as it finally passed the House, fixes the number of members of the convention at 133, to be elected at the next October election in the present Senatorial and Legislative districts, and provides for the meeting of the convention on the 15th of April, 1873. This is not the entertainment to which the people supposed they would be invited. If it was desirable that the convention should consist of 133 members, that change could easily have been made by providing for the election of *three* instead of *two* members in each Senatorial district and electing *thirty four* at large, each elector to vote for *seventeen*. We can tell the House that it has signally failed to meet public expectation, and that the people will never sanction the manner in which it has disposed of this vital question.

The only argument, if it can be so called, which was urged against the convention meeting next June, was that a Presidential contest would then be vexing and disturbing the country. Does it necessarily follow from that cause that the members of the convention would lose their brains, or otherwise be rendered incapable of performing their duties? Men who could be so easily operated upon by the sound and fury of a political campaign would be unfit to occupy seats in the convention. This is the ostensible, but it is not the true reason for postponing the convention until April, 1873. The Senate of the State, as at present constituted, is hostile to a certain well known project. Eleven new Senators will be chosen next fall, so that the present views of the Senate may *not* be the same that will be entertained by the members of that body when it assembles in January, 1873.—Another session of the Legislature is therefore needed *before* the restraining action of the convention can be applied to the unlimited powers of the General Assembly, and also before the work of the convention can be ratified by the people. *One more* chance is wanted to consummate the legislative project to which we have referred, and hence the mysterious postponement both of the election of the members to the convention and the time of its meeting.

We cannot believe that the Senate will concur in the conclusion arrived at by the House. Public sentiment is unmistakably in favor of a speedy meeting of the convention, and looks to the Senate for a reversal of the puerile, unwise and unexpected action of the House. If this is done, then let the members of the House refuse to concur in the amendments made by the Senate at the peril of incurring the indignant wrath of their constituents.

An election will be held in New Hampshire on next Tuesday for Governor and members of the Legislature. Both parties are exerting their utmost power to secure a victory, and although the partisans of the administration have literally flooded the State with money, there is a strong hope that the people will be able to conquer. The contest will be a close one and the result about as uncertain as a game of chess between two players of equally balanced skill and ingenuity.

The U. S Senate, by an almost unanimous vote, has passed the resolutions to investigate the sale of arms to the French. The public will soon be officially advised as to the extent of this transaction and of the amount stolen by the Radical officials who conducted the business.

Mr. Speer on Land Grants.

On the 29th of February, when a bill was before Congress extending the time for the completion of the St. Croix and Lake Superior Rail Road, and when the policy of the government granting away the public lands to rail road monopolies was discussed at considerable length Mr. Speer, the member of Congress from this district, having five minutes time allotted to him, made the following pertinent and well timed remarks:

MR. SPEER, of Pennsylvania. The manner in which the friends of this measure yesterday attempted to force it through the House, made the impression upon me, and I think upon the minds of several other members on this side, that the bill itself was without merit. No fair, honest, and just measure should be afraid of the light of impartial discussion; and no bill, Mr. Speaker, proposing to take from the national domain some two or two and a half million acres of land without compensation, for the benefit of a railroad company, should be passed.

MR. RUSK. Will the gentleman yield to me a moment.

MR. SPEER, of Pennsylvania. I decline to yield, and I think the gentleman from Wisconsin [MR. RUSK] is the last person who should ask that. I was saying that no bill that proposed to take from the national domain between two and three million acres of the public lands, should be forced through this House by gentlemen claiming to represent the people without the voice of the people being heard; for if their is one question upon which the public mind of this nation, of all parties, of all classes is settled, it is upon this question of the robbery of the public domain by corporations and monopolies. The laboring classes of this country have suffered it, and have suffered it in silence, until their silence longer would be a crime.

To whom do these lands belong? By whose valor and patriotism and services have they been purchased and saved for the country? Whose brave arms have won for us these broad acres, and to whom do they in justice and in fairness and in honor to-day belong? Is it to these corporations and to these monopolies who for selfish and speculative purposes, from year to year, throng the lobbies of Congress; who have their paid and pensioned agents here from month to month and from year to year? Or is it to the gallant men who have become crippled in the service of the country, who to the music of the Union have marched from one battle-field to another, and who to-day lift up their patriotic voices and plead with us to save to them and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen a home in which to live, and a grave in which to be buried?

Mr. Speaker, Congress within the last ten years has given to corporations and monopolies about two hundred million acres of the public lands, and I understand that there are bills now pending for the giving away of two hundred millions more. When and where is this legislation to stop? Shall it go on until every foot of our soil is absorbed? Shall it go on until these gigantic monopolies stretching out their arms and their purses from ocean to ocean, from the North to the Gulf, shall control not only the legislation of the country, but own the soil of the country too? I say, Mr. Speaker, that if the platforms of parties mean anything, if the voice of the honest masses of the country is to be heard and to be heeded here by their Representatives, it is time now and in this bill for the members of this House to put their emphatic condemnation upon this class and this system of legislation, to rebuke the attempt made yesterday to pass this bill through the House without permitting a word to be said by those opposed to it, and to say to these friends of monopoly that the poor men of the land shall at least be heard here; that the common property of the people shall not be squandered away, that homes and homesteads for the soldiers of the land shall be preserved, and that these parties, who profess to be the friends of the poor and the fatherless, the friends of the soldier and his widow, shall prove their friendship by something more substantial than honeyed professions.

I call the attention of the people of this country to-day to the action of their Representatives on this floor, and I ask them to judge them here and now, not by their profession, but by their works. By your fruits, gentlemen of the House, the people will know you. Are you for or against monopolies? Are you for homes for the homeless, or for squandering still further the common inheritance of the people among soulless corporations?

The investigation thus far by the McClure-Gray Committee into the election frauds perpetrated in the Fourth Senatorial district, has disclosed a most unparalleled and successful scheme of villainy. The evidence is of the most startling character, and it is difficult to believe that such things can be done in broad daylight, and that too by men who occupy prominent positions in society. The unhallowed registry law for the city of Philadelphia affords a true key to the whole infamy, and that law the radical majority in the House stubbornly refuses to medify in the interests of justice and honest elections. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that under the operations of that law and the fraudulent practices sanctioned under it, Asa Packer and *not* John W. Geary was fairly and legally elected Governor two years ago last October. Such has always been claimed by the democratic press of that city, and now no man who has read the testimony taken by this committee doubts it for a moment. If the evidence yet to be heard on the part of Col. M'Clure is of the same character as that which has already been received, the fraudulent majority of about 900 by which Gray was declared elected will be completely wiped out and the election of M'Clure by a large majority clearly and satisfactorily established. This being done, the dark deeds of the corrupt political rings in that city will be thoroughly exposed and their repetition in the future in a very great degree prevented.

His Honor Jas Potts, President Judge of the District Court of Cambria county, is being very bitterly denounced by the Johnstown papers of both parties for uniting with one of the Associate Judges (Flattery) in leasing "Union Hall" for the use of the court for ten years at an annual rent of $800. It might be interesting to know by what authority, either expressed or implied, these two judicial lights undertook to rent Union Hall for county purposes, but we will not now discuss the question, preferring to leave the belligerents to fight out their own battle on the banks of the Stony Creek.

The local option law passed the House of Representatives last week by a vote of 60 yeas to 34 nays. The bill provides for taking the vote of the people for or against granting licences, in *cities boroughs* and *townships*. Various opinions are expressed as to the fate of the bill in the Senate. We repeat, again, that we are opposed to all legislation of this character, believing that it will prove totally inefficient; and that it will fail to accomplish the purpose intended. Our views on this subject are much better expressed than we could do it, in the following extract taken from a very recent letter written by Richard D. Hubbard, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut, and addressed to a committee of Germans who had solicited his views on the question:

"I believe intemperance to be a monstrous evil in society. This, of course, is a mere truism. The practical question is, shall we attempt to cure it by legal measures, and if so, by what measures. I am constrained to say, to begin with, that it is utterly impossible, in my judgment, to lay a legal embargo on men's mouths in respect to drink or diet. In the next place, if it could be done, it ought not to be done in a free government.

The Maine law, so-called, represents, as I understand it, enforced total abstinence by legal coercion. We have had such a law on our statute book since 1854.

For the short time that an attempt was made to enforce it, it proved the parent of infinitely worse vices than it cured—of every conceivable form of subterfuge, falsehood, fraud, and deceit in the traffic—the most abominable concealments and perjuries in witnesses, and a deliberate disregard and contempt of the law by sworn jurors, and all this for the reason that it was felt to be a law which invaded the sanctities of private life and struck at the liberties of the poorer classes, while it left the sideboard of the rich full of filled decanters. For this reason the law has become a dead letter. It is retained in the statute book as a dumb show for political effect by men who do not believe in it in principle nor regard it in practice. So much for one side of the question; now for the other. If your resolution means, as interpreted to me by one of your committee, that the traffic in alcoholic liquors should be as free as in tea, coffee, sugar, and flour, I do not agree in that conclusion. I have seen evils connected with this traffic which demand legal repression in the interests of social order and the public peace.

The traffic, in my judgment, needs regulation; its abuses need redress. The present law is impotent for this purpose. The question is between prohibition on the other.—One or the other must come. For myself, I have reached the conclusion, not without some thought, that a well-ordered license system, not prohibitory of the sale, but entrusting it to responsible hands, with proper guarantees against abuse, will secure the just liberties of the citizen, and work at the same time a better practical result to the cause of good order and temperance than any system of strict and enforced prohibition that has ever been attempted.

Mankind may be restrained from crime. They cannot be legislated into the virtue of temperance, still less into total abstinence.

The law can only prune off the vicious and criminal out-growths of the traffic.

Nothing but moral forces can lay an axe at the root of the tree.

An Amusing Incident in the U. S. Senate.—An amusing little incident occurred in the Senate on Friday morning. Mr. Chandler rose to a personal explanation, and, with much expectoration, began to read a letter from one of his constituents living in Jackson, Mich. Mr. Morton half-way across the chamber, called, "Louder," and Mr. Chandler, his voice gradually gaining power, read through the letter, from which it appeared that the writer had received under the franks of Senators Chandler and Morton, copies of the call of the Liberal Republican meeting at Cincinnati, a speech of Gratz Brown, a letter from Senator Schurz, &c. Both Chandler and Mortin denounced the franks as forgeries, the former using some very strong language about the Cincinnati movement, and speaking of them in very intemperate tones. As soon as Chandler sat down his face white with excitement, Senator Tipton sprung up, and said that he had been treated almost as badly. He had received back a copy of one of Mr. Chandler's speeches which he had sent to a man in Nebraska, with the information that such documents were not wanted in that State. The statement, of course, "brought down the house," and even Mr. Chandler was obliged to admit the joke.

A Hopeful Movement.—The agitation in the Roman Catholic Church of this country in favor of temperance is a hopeful event. No class of our population need restraint in the matter of using spirituous liquors more than that which is controlled by the Roman Catholic priesthood. The influence of Father Mathew in this country has been excellent among his fellow-countrymen, whose popular beverage, unlike that of the Germans, is one that excites to crimes of violence. The only way to reach these people is through the church. Even Father Mathew, though he did not specially use the influence of the priesthood, obtained his popularity in a great measure from the fact that he was in "holy orders." We cannot depend on seeing in this century or in the next another man who can wield such immense personal influence, but if the leading prelates of America will combine their forces they can carry on the good work which he left. The Bishop of Savannah has issued a strong pastoral letter on the subject, warmly approving the sentiments of the Bishop of New York, who recently delivered an eloquent "temperance lecture." The recent agitation in the Catholic Convention in Maryland in favor of a temperance organization shows that there is some real strength in the present movement.

A Curious Address.—The Legislature of Minnesota visited the asylum for the dumb at Fairbault recently, and received the following curious and rather ludicrous address: "For you are the men to furnish the means to help the man that built the mill that ground the feed that fed the horse that drew the cart that dumped the dirt that Paddy shoveled to build the road for palace cars to go upon. These are the men that make our laws, and furnish the means to build a house to cover our heads that warm our toes that fill our mouths that give us food that feeds the mind that makes us men and women strong to lean upon; we bid you welcome, and for aye shall strive your kindness to repay."

—The magnificent granite building of Dr. Jayne, on Chestnut st., below Third, Philadelphia, was greatly damaged by fire on Monday night. By the superhuman exertions of the firemen, the conflagration was prevented from spreading. About one million dollars is put down as the extent of the loss in goods and damages to the building.

Letter from Ireland--No. 16.

[Correspondence of Cambria Freeman.]

QUEENSTOWN, Feb. 19, 1872.

DEAR MAC—I believe my last left me on the rocky shore of Kerry, gazing out into the blue Atlantic, over which I expect to sail in a few days and leave, perhaps forever, the heather-clad hills and the sweet-sounding rills of the Emerald Isle. But lest I may drift into a political current and show why we leave our homes and kindred, I will at once enter

BALLYBUNION CAVES,

which I shall do by means of a skiff and in company with a few friends, and guided by one who knows all the intricate zig-zag caves in which this place abounds. We entered through the opening on the western side of the tall cliff and often crossed at right angles the various entrances affording the most striking contrast of light and shade, the color of the waters being often of a hue so sparklingly bright and so extensively vivid as to resemble molten silver. As our frail craft hurried through the deep and wave-worn arcades into bright and airy-arched or vaulted chambers, and passed from cave to cave and hall to hall, with inlets pointing to the sea or high cliffs, affording a protection against the waves, and occasionally well-like apertures which open through the roof to yield a telescopic view of the heavens, one would think, as he saw such sudden transitions from absolute darkness to most brilliant light, that he was gliding through the halls of fairydom. One of our party fired a shot out of a revolver and we heard no less than a score of echoes.

Near these celebrated caves is the neat little village of Ballybunion, where travelers who come to visit the caves find good and excellent accommodations. The scenery all along the Kerry coast is singularly wild, romantic and beautiful.—Here one can see ranges of mountains, whose fantastic, sublime summits pierce the clouds, rise boldly from the shores and form a singularly picturesque scene to the noble havens which they overhang. It would be an endless task to even notice the hoary head lands, the bright and beautiful bays, the resounding rivers, the massive, majestic mountains, and other sights and scenes which are to be seen along the entire coast of Kerry, over whose huge rocky boulders the Atlantic dashes its incessant billows. However, we cannot pass Smerwick, near Sybil Head, without noting that it was here Sir Walter Raleigh perpetrated an inhuman and bloody deed. A body of Spaniards having landed at Smerwick, were murdered in cold blood by British soldiers acting under orders from Raleigh.

The next point of historic note is

CAHIRCIVEEN,

Within about a mile of this old, patriotic village, in Carhan House, was born in the year 1775 the immortal DANIEL O'CONNELL. The peasantry point out to the stranger, with a pleasurable pride, the now ivy-clad walls of Carhan House, where the illustrious DAN drew his first breath. Within about ten miles of Cahirciveen, on the green margin of a sheltered creek running in from the Ballinskellig Bay, stands Derrynane Abbey, once the residence of the Irish Liberator. It is situated in as romantic a spot as one's imagination could depict. The ruins of the little abbey, from which the mansion takes its name, stand within view of the house on the extremity of a low tongue of land running into the sea. We cannot pass unnoticed

VALENTIA ISLAND,

which is only a short distance from the mainland. All the telegraphic news from this side of the Atlantic, which reaches New York hourly, has to be sent here from the various parts of Great Britain and Ireland before it can be put on the electric wires, as the cable is laid from the western point of this island. Valentia Island is owned by Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, who I am told is a jovial, good kind of an Irishman.

SKELLIG ROCK

next claims our attention. It stands about nine miles out in the ocean and is about two hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is over three fourths of an acre in extent. We made our way up to the top by means of stone stairs cut in the side of the rock. On it is built a very neat and substantial lighthouse, with its red and white lights shining out brilliantly at night to warn against shipwreck any tempest-tost mariners who may be sailing round this dangerous coast. On this rock is a beautiful well of cool, crystal water, which in the heat of summer and cold of winter is the same. One would hardly expect to find on this rock, nine miles out in the wild Atlantic, the remains of what was once a flourishing monastery. And yet such is the fact, for here, quite visible, are the ruined, roofless walls within which religion and learning once flourished. In the western point a remarkable ledge juts out some distance from the main rock, and from this ledge another points upwards, on the top of which there is an "eye" large enough to have a stout man pass through it. It is said that no one, unless those guiltless of any sin, can climb out and go through this "eye" and come back again in safety. A cannie son of Scotland once came along this way and said that his ancestors aided John Knox to "reform" Scotland and *therefore* he could go through the "eye." He crept out on his "all fours" and climbed up and through the "eye," but in coming round it he lost his balance and was hurled down a distance of one hundred feet till he met the wild waves, under which he sank to rise no more. I was told that no one since was presumptuous enough to say he was *sinless*, so no other one has tried this impossible task.

I am sure the most of your readers have read about or seen various panoramas of the

LAKES OF KILLARNEY,

so on that account I will not attempt a lengthened sketch of them; for indeed it would be almost as easy for me to translate Indian or Chinese gibberish into the English as to convey through a pen-and-ink sketch the faintest idea of their awful, wild and stern grandeur; their noble and romantic sublimity. Hence I will merely allude to a few of the most prominent places.

A person visiting these lovely lakes for the first time is completely at fault what to admire the most, for here we have bright mountain streams pouring down lovely glens and deep ravines, now leaping from rock to rock and flashing like silver in the broad sunlight, and anon glittering in the shade of the dark foliage till they are lost in the shining waters of the broad lakes. A number of islets of the most picturesque forms are scattered over their surface, some of which are redundant with vegetation, producing trees, shrubbery and plants in the wildest profusion, amongst which are the beautiful arbutus with its tempting berries and the mountain ash with its scarlet clusters glowing through the dark foliage of the holly tree. Then again we have the cloud-crowned peaks of the surrounding mountains, piled up, like eternal barriers of a vast amphitheatre, of which the sparkling waters of the lakes form the smooth and smiling arena. The "Eagles' Nest" is stupendously grand. This is a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, nearly one thousand seven hundred feet in height, thickly wooded at its base, but presenting to the eye, as it travels upwards, a succession of broken crags thickly covered with trailing plants and flowering mosses. Amongst these inaccessible precipices the eagle builds its eyrie.

Near the summit of the Mangerton mountain is the "Devil's Punch-Bowl." The "Bowl" is a small lake about a quarter of a mile in diameter and is contained in the deep chasm of the mountain. Its waters, of inky blackness, are intensely cold, and yet they have never been known to freeze. This "Bowl" is believed to be almost unfathomable, and those curious to find its lowest depth will have to visit the "lower regions," where it is said they will find his Satanic Majesty making *cold* punch at the bottom. Of the almost countless other places of beauty, romance and sylvan charms, all I will say is that it would require the poet's pen or painter's pencil to do justice to a place where prolific nature revels in her richest, grandest and most sublime attire.

I intended to make a few remarks on things in general and "classic Kerry" in particular, but I believe I have already written enough. I am booked for I hope a safe voyage to New York in a huge ship which I see lying at anchor out in Queenstown harbor. In a few hours I expect to be on board, so I will have to close. My next will be from the Empire City of America, where I intend spending a few days before I start on my homeward trip over the mountains.

Yours, dear Mac, very truly,

ERIONACH.

Chased by a Saw-log.—Chased by a bear; by a wolf; by an elephant; by a sheriff; by a spook? Yes, that has often occurred, but did you ever hear of being chased by a saw-log, as it chanced to a French Canadian out in Curtis's woods last week? It happened thus wise: They were cutting the timber from the brow of a hill in these famous woods, and rolling it to the bottom where a steam saw-mill is to be erected.—The Frenchman was one of the lumbermen, and was attempting to manipulate a huge log for a safe descent, when he discovered that it was getting the better of him. He was on the under side and it would not do to "let it slide," so he screamed for help. But no help came. His strength was surely and rapidly failing, and there was nothing to do but to run for it, and run he did—a fearful race. The natural philosopher says that a log gains in rapidity as it descends. It is otherwise with human legs on a run, even when as in this case the descent is steep and icy. There was no turning out, and the log gained with terrible rapidity on the frightened Cannuck, and was now just on his heels, when luckily he spied a hollow in his path into which he popped with a bound; but had barely time to huddle himself into his hole, when crash! crash! the log thundered over him, and left him safe, but about the most badly scared man that ever hollooed in Curtis' woods, if his nerves are no stronger than ours claim to be. And that is how a saw-log chased a Frenchman.—*Pittsfield Sun.*

A Man who Buried Eight Wives.—The Limerick (Ireland) *General Advertiser* contains the following curious paragraph: "Died, last week, at the extraordinary age of 112 years, after two days illness, John Leahy, an honest, faithful domestic in the family of Curah for upwards of eighty years. He commenced his servitude with the late Vere Hunt, Esq., as groom, in the year 1839; remained with him until the latter's death, since which period he has continued his service with Sir Vere Hunt, Bart., until the last ten years, when he retired, although in perfect health, to a cottage built for him within the demesne. He was married to eight wives, by seven of whom he had children; the last he married in his 106th year. He lived in the reign of six monarchs, and saw, as he recorded before his death, five generations of most of the families of the neighborhood, of the vicissitudes of which honest John was the stationary spectator for near a century, and before his death, (retaining his senses until the last moment,) he declared that he never suffered a day's illness nor an hour's pain, unless for the death of a friend, or occasionally for the loss of a wife. His remains were interred in the church at Nantin on Sunday last, attended by the whole neighborhood, by all of whom he was regarded and regretted.

In Boone county, Kentucky, there is a family whose singular manner of living, and other peculiarities, excite general interest. The head of the family is a native of Scotland, an educated man, well read, and of fine conversational powers. He does nothing for the support of his family, and, although they are in an almost starving condition, is devoting his time to the study of Greek language. While he is thus engaged they are living in a miserable hut without floor or windows, and with scarcely food enough to keep them from starving. The woman has neither education nor sense; in fact, the only thing she has worth speaking of is fits. She gives the family what attention it gets, and prepares the food sent them by neighbors, while her husband is engaged in his classical studies, or in prowling about the neighborhood, reading essays to his acquaintances. People suppose that he is crazy, and in the spring an effort will be made to provide in some way for him and his helpless family.

—The Democratic State Editorial Association met at Harrisburg on Monday.

News of the Week.

—It has been proposed in Congress that Postmasters should be elected by the people.

—A St. Louis woman, six feet tall, married a man of four feet four. He has a high opinion of her.

—Rev. M. Gilmore, a priest at Dayton, Ohio, has been appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Cleveland.

—Indiana has had a disaster caused by the explosion of a sweet potato, seriously injuring a little child.

—Pere Hyacinthe turns up in Rome, as a lecturer before a Protestant society, on the subject of the diffusion of the Bible.

—Mrs. Kramer, who was brutally beaten at the time her husband was murdered, in Washington township, Schuylkil county Pa., died on Monday morning last.

—Mrs. Dougherty, of Kenuckty, who jocularly gave a loaded pistol to her grandchild and told him to shoot, was surprised to find herself dead immediately afterward.

—Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, declines to recognize the opponents of infallibility as members of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical hierarchy of the realm.

—Mr. Isaac Morris, of Whip's Cove Fulton county, on the 10th inst. shot an eagle which measured ten feet four inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

—A cautious old bachelor, who is aware that the present year is leap year, says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

—It is reported that the ex Prince Imperial of France will visit the United States next summer. He is now sixteen years of age, and is said to speak five languages fluently.

—Ebenezer Cole, of Lachine, Canada, is no longer a live Cole. He betted ten dollars that he could drink two tumblers full of alcohol, but the money didn't more than pay for his coffin.

—A dog at Iowa Falls chased a rabbit into a log, recently, and then got stuck in the hole himself. The dog, being fast in the log, fasted for sixteen days, and has now given up the rabbit business permanently.

—A woman in Lancaster, Ohio, recently received a check for a large sum of money from a Cincinnati banker, who said it was morally due her for a kindness which her late husband had done him in his youth.

—Gen. Sherman, while in Rome, visited Pius the Ninth. His impression of the Supreme Pontiff seemed to be that he was a benevolent old gentleman, not likely from appearances to wish or do harm to any one.

—A fire at Scranton, Pa., on Saturday, destroyed the Odd Fellows' Hall, Graeber's hotel, the Hyde Park hotel, and five other buildings. Loss, $70,000. The water to extinguish the fire was obtained from the Oxford coal-mine.

—A man narrowly escaped being buried alive at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near Tarrytown, New York. As the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, a noise proceeded from it, causing the interment to be delayed long enough to discover that the man was alive.

—Forty years ago a blooming young girl of sixteen married an old man of sixty for his money, expecting that he would soon die and leave her a wealthy young wife. Last week the lady died at the respectable age of fifty-six, leaving a husband aged one hundred, and four children to mourn her loss.

—At St. Louis, David Leith has brought suit against Henry Dansman for $1,000,000 damages for depriving him of "his wife's love, society, services, assistance and comfort." Her "love, society and services" must have been immense, or he would not charge his neighbor so much. Dansman has evidently a bargain.

—The illegitimate appropriation made out of the State Treasury by the Legislature to the Miffintown fire has been attended with difficulties and led to dissatisfaction and litigation. H. J. Culbertson, Esq., has been appointed by the Juniata county court a master in chancery to report upon the facts and the law of the case.

—A Georgia newspaper has half a column of editorial on a nail from the office wherein Old Hickory first practised law. General Grant's friends will doubtless take the hint and secure some blocks of Seneca sandstone for distribution in small fragments to their grand-children. At the present rate of profitable consumption, the quarry will soon be exhausted.

—Here she is again. Mrs. Gloverson, of East Cleveland, over ninety years old, walked three miles one of the coldest days of last month, borrowed a cast-iron kettle weighing one hundred and twenty-three pounds and seven ounces, packed it home and made half a barrel of soft soap before supper time, and would have taken the kettle home that night if she had not been compelled to knit a pair of stockings for her son, who was going away next morning. She has taken snuff and has smoked the usual number of years.

—On Friday week John D. Blanchard fell dead in his door-yard, at Palmer, Mass.—The funeral was held on Monday, but as the remains were about to be conveyed to the grave, from the life-like appearance of the face the friends expressed doubts as to the body being really dead. The idea of burial was given up and a galvanic battery applied by the doctors, without restoring life. They advised, however, that interment be delayed. Up to Monday last the face was unchanged in its life like appearance, the blood was limpid in the veins of the arm and there were also warm spots under both arms.

Dr. Oldhue's Letter of Instuction to Patrons.—We are constantly receiving letters from all parts of the country reqesting information respecting our system of practice and the course of proceedings necessary to obtain from us a medical diagnosis, or medicines.

To faciliate the matter of answering these letters, and to make plain the conditions required to obtain a thorough, scientific, and correct diagnosis from ocular, chemical, and microscopic examination of the urine, we would say:

In collecting a specimen of urine for analysis, *take that first passed in the morning*, or immediately after sleep.

No other kind will be examined.

Send about *two ounces* in a clean vial. A less quantity than two ounces cannot be well tested.

Always give the name of the patient in full. Be sure to give the age of the patient. Without knowing the *age* we will neither examine the specimen nor give medicines.

Unless the above instructions are strictly followed, no attention will be paid to the case.

Specimens of urine can be sent by express (but not by mail), from any part of the United States; and medicines can be obtained by the same conveyance.

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It is a rare thing that physicians give any countenance to a medicine, the manufacture of which is a secret. About the only exception we know of is *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. This, we believe, all endorse, and many of them use it in their practice with great success.

Things Have Changed—Consumption.

HANNIBAL AND CÆSAR won their victories and battles by the sword, the spear and battle axe. They had never heard of gun powder. The man who would undertake to do what GRANT did at Appomatox and with such implements of warfare as were used then, would deserve to be derided and laughed at; not because they were not used for the purpose then in view, but because, better and more powerful engines were known. We do not lose sight of what the past has done for medicine. The past hundred years has accomplished more towards the cure of consumption, than the five hundred years previously. It is common for people still to die of it. It will continue to be common just so long as people neglect to pay attention to the first symptoms or follow the rule of treatment in vogue a hundred years ago. Dr. Keyser of the this city cures nearly every case of lung disease or chronic disease of any kind that he takes under treatment. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE is as near a specific for consumption as any medicine can be; it will allay all morbid irritability, quiet the cough, lessen the inflammation, expel the tough, viscid mucous that blocks up the air cells of the lungs, and give that plastic equality to the blood which it needs to fit it for the purposes of apparation. Ask for DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, at the Doctor's office, No. 157 Liberty street, Pittsburgh. Single bottles $1.50, four bottles for $5. A pamphlet on Chronic Lung Diseases sent free to any address.

Persons requiring purgatives or pills should be careful what they buy. Some pills not only cause griping pains, but leave the bowels in a torpid, costive state. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* will relieve the bowels and cleanse the blood without injury to the system.

—A Weyanwega fond father, having seen a recommendation that a long ladder should be always leaning against the house, in case of fire, says that "they can't lean a ladder against his house, as his girls can see beans enough without the use of a ladder."

New Advertisements.

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AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

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Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : MARCH 9, 1872

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Hops and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Another "Legend" to hand. Will appear next week.

—Shockingly cold the days this week. Thermometer down to ten degrees below zero.

—Another cargo of the renowned "Eastern Star" Flour just received by M. L. Oatman.

—An Indiana county man was euchred out of $150 by "roofing cement" swindlers, a few days ago.

—Mr. Robert E. Jones has, we understand, been employed to stand guard over Moore, the alleged murderer.

—Many friends from all sections came in to see us this week—some with money, some without. All were welcome, especially, etc.

—Mrs. Joanna Hetzinger, aged 72 years, of Conemaugh borough, was found dead in her bed on Monday morning last. Heart disease.

—An exquisite poem from the sweet songstress, "Linnet," appears in our paper to-day. Wish we could say as much once a month, at least.

—David Thomas and family, of Cambria township, have pulled up stakes and have gone to Iowa. We wish them luck in their new home.

—Capt. William Linton, late County Treasurer, has purchased the "Summit Mansion House," Summitville, and will take possession on the first of April. Price paid, $2,770.

—All that the heart could wish or the appetite crave in the matter of choice groceries, can be bought fresh and sweet and exceedingly cheap for the ready cash at M. L. Oatman's.

—Will the Herald please point out the chapter and verse in which we "promised to show the people of Cambria county the expenses of the county were the perfection of economy?"

—Mr. Patrick Cassidy offers through our paper and per handbills his farm in Munster township, together with live stock and other property at public sale on Saturday, March 23.

—Rev. Father Christy, pastor of Catholic church in this place, has consented to deliver a lecture in St John's church, Johnstown, on the evening of St. Patrick's day, March 17th. Subject not stated.

—It was reported in Altoona last Saturday that a woman in that city had been arrested for poisoning to death four of her children. But as the Altoona papers say nothing about the matter, we presume the report was without foundation in fact.

—Judge Devine and Will. Ott, those two and no more, freighted a lumber car the other day, and yet it would seem as if there really had been ten persons employed at the job—the Judge being one, and you know one and Ott makes ten the world over.

—And now Ed. Thompson, of Saltsburg, Indiana county, has got himself badly burned just because that confounded stuff, coal oil, wouldn't permit itself to be poured out of a tin can on to smouldering coal fire without exploding the can and playing L generally.

—Owing to the death of Mr Jacob Pircher, recorded elsewhere, the entire stock of clothing contained in his store, on Montgomery street, Hollidaysburg, will be sold at a great sacrifice. The goods are of the very best quality and well made, and buyers will be sure to get bargains.

—Down at Sam Criste's St Charles Hotel, in Altoona, one day last week, Mausey and another man got into a discussion. The latter got angry and said to Mausey: "Well, if you don't get no boots or shoes, why you can shust run bald-headed!" Mausey thereupon set 'em up.

—Ten thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven men, women and children, of all ages, sexes and conditions, are wanted as soon as possible to pay down the cash and carry away all the elegant articles they want from C. T. Roberts' clock, watch, jewelry and fancy goods emporium. Cham. will deal on the square with every mother's son and daughter of them.

—The Herald says we are "about the only newspaper man who takes pride in his littleness of returning to the typographical errors of a cotemporary," etc. All right, if grammatical errors had been included. He is our best friend who informs us of our failings. All which leads us to remark that the Herald man is about the only one who takes little or no pride in avoiding such errors.

—At very little expense, and without any suspense you can obtain from our artist friend Spence any kind of a picture your heart may desire, or dozens or hundreds of them, if you should wish so many. That gentleman is amply prepared and amply qualified to suit all tastes in the matter of photographs and oth r "counterfeit presentiments," and ought to be sentenced to take every body's picture in the county for the ready cash.

—The Johnstown Echo has just experienced a new departure all to itself. Mr. T. C. Myers has departed therefrom and C. W. Easly, Esq., has assumed editorial control of the paper. Cas. has few equals as a newspaper writer, and now that he has for the first time run up his name as editor, we are confident he will fully maintain his reputation as a vigorous and entertaining journalist. Success be with the editors, past and present.

—We attended the entertainment of the "Pro Phundo" Glee Club and Sabbath school pupils, at the Presbyterian church, on Wednesday evening last, and were very much pleased with the performances, which consisted of vocal and instrumental music of the choicest character. The programme was excellently rendered, and all present, we feel sure, enjoyed the musical treat with a great deal of zest. The attendance was large and select, the proceeds amounting to some $72, which will be expended in behalf of the Sabbath school library attached to the church.

—Our attentive and earnest friend, Mr. Martin Wilmore, of Dunmore, Luzerne county, writes to tell us that the dwelling house of Mr. Patrick Welsh, of that place, was destroyed by fire on Friday evening of last week, during the temporary absence of Mrs. Welsh, her husband being at his work, and horrible to relate, two of the children, aged respectively two and four years, were roasted alive in the presence of their frantic mother, who returned too late to afford them needed succor. Mrs. Welsh was, with great difficulty, prevented from rushing in to the flames in the vain hope of saving her offspring. The cause of the fire not stated.

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE LADY.—Our community was startled, not to say shocked, on Wednesday evening last, by the announcement of the fearfully sudden and unlooked for death of the amiable and much esteemed wife of our worthy postmaster, Maj. John Thompson, which sad event took place at the house of Mr F H. Barker, whither she was conveyed from the Presbyterian church, where she had been in attendance, in company with her husband, at the concert given on the evening named. Her death was caused by disease of the heart, to which she was subject, and the first attack came on while present in the church. Her age was about 62 years, and she was the mother of five sons and four daughters, all of whom were worthy of her earnest love and kind solicitude. By blood and marriage she was connected with some of the best families in the State, and no death could be more widely and sincerely mourned than that of this much respected lady. Her funeral took place at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was attended by a large concourse of sympatizing friends. Interred at Lloyd's cemetery.

THE *Freeman* man wishes us to "explain what the devil his Satanic majesty stuck in the fire while on the rampage along the Pa. R. R., this week's *Herald* having left the reader in very grave doubt on that important question."

It is said to have been a democratic editor who had wandered so far astray as to announce through his columns that he would hoist the name of Hancock, *a military* chieftain for President.—*Herald.*

If the "said to have been" is not sadly at fault, we cannot but admire the sagacity of the "old boy" in chucking one of his enemies into the fire when the opportunity presented itself. Had he by any unforseen accident served a radical editor in that way, he would not only have deprived himself of a faithful agent on earth, but would have been forced to welcome, much sooner than need be, a very troublesome customer to the regions below.

A BLOODY DEED!

A Woman Strangled to Death and Burned.

OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS

More than a Parallel to the Betsy Holder and the Paul-Munday Slaughters!

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED CRIMINAL

IN JAIL, AND "WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM!

Who She Was, Where She Lived, and all Known Facts Connected with Her Life!

HARROWING CHAPTER OF SIN, SORROW, AND SHAME!

Full Particulars.

Mineral Point is an unpretentious little village, of say 100 inhabitants, situated on the line of the P. R. R., about seven miles east of Johnstown. Its location is wild and picturesque—in the gorge of the Allegheny mountains, with far reaching trees in every direction, and rocks of mammoth proportions for a background. In this village, or nigh unto it, on Friday morning of last week, a deed of blood was committed which, for fiendishness and utter and entire diabolism, is not paralleled even by the Betsy Holder murder or by the Paul-Munday slaughter.

We will give the particulars so far as they have come to our knowledge:

A man named John Shriver, a resident of the vicinity of Mineral Point, was out fox hunting on the morning of the day mentioned. He tells in his testimony before the Coroner, how he discovered the body of a murdered woman in the woods, and what followed, thus:

"On March 1st, I started and got the team to haul wood; hauled two loads, and the third load my dog went with me; put the horses in the stable and told my father I was going after a fox; left with the dog and went towards Mr. Glick's; when I got there I heard the dog in the direction where the woman was murdered; got there about half-past ten; stopped about one hundred yards from where the woman was; the dog continued on; had a pup with me, and he followed a man's track that led to where the woman was. I then followed the dog to where some blood was; found a piece of hair and two hair-pins; the hair was bloody; think the deed was done on the night of the 29th of February; noticed the track of a man at that place and time."

Mr. Shriver, who is a somewhat timorous man, became frightened at the indications of bloody work which he had discovered, and left the scene of the murder and went to South Fork, a small village a mile or two away. Here, he told the horrible story, and a party of five or six, pioneered by Mr. S., returned to the place. Behind a pile of logs, a fire, which had been kindled during Mr. S.'s absence, was burning. A sickening smell emanated therefrom—the smell of burning human flesh. The fire was extinguished and the brush raked away, when the body, or a portion of it, was found underneath. It was that of a woman, but burned to a crisp, and not to be identified except from the formation of the charred bones, and a small portion of the breast, which was yet unburned. Both legs had been burned off, and the remains greatly disfigured with blows and stabs. The woman had been terribly beaten, and evidently had not yielded up her life till her strength failed. Around her neck was the mark made by an attempt to strangle her by means of a woolen comforter, a portion of which adhered to the front part of the neck after she was withdrawn from the fire. Lying around on the ground near the body was a pair of spectacles, a full set of artificial teeth, back and side combs for a woman's hair, and a small blue flannel shawl. The clothing which was not consumed was neatly made, and from its character indicated that the woman had been of tidy habits. From her countenance, it was supposed she was about forty years of age—There were no papers or marks upon the clothing that furnished any clue to her identity.

Coroner J. A. Harrold was notified of the murder, and was soon on the ground. He boxed up whatever was left of the remains and removed them to Johnstown, where, after a preliminary inquest, they were on Saturday interred.

Chief of Police Irwin, of Pittsburgh, and Chief of Police Harris, of Johnstown, were put on the track of the murderer. Search at the scene of the horrible crime soon revealed the presence in the snow of footmarks, apparently those of a man, and also footmarks of a woman. An India rubber shoe, No. 3, was picked up—doubtless one belonging to the murdered woman. The tracks were found to lead from the vicinity of Mineral Point, southeast side, in a direction nearly at right angle to the passenger station. The tracks were close together, and it would appear as if the woman and man were walking with linked arms. When within about twenty feet of the point where the tragedy was consummated, the impress upon a log showed that they had been seated close together. The fiend, under the guise of love or friendship, had doubtless enticed his victim to where the eye of man would not see, and, with a kiss on his lips, but murder in his heart, put her to death. But though the eye of man was closed to the perpetration of the deed, the All seeing eye was not.

The trail was followed further, and the footsteps were ultimately traced to the house of one Michael Moore, a notorious character living in the neighborhood. This was on Sunday. Moore was not at home—had gone away. The detectives kept on the trail, and on Monday, Moore was captured at the house of Patrick Egan, near Portage. He gave himself up, and was taken to Johnstown, where, after full examination he was held for trial.—He was brought here and committed to jail Tuesday night.

Michael Moore, the accused, is an Irishman, about 45 years of age. He has lived in this county a long time, and has never enjoyed a good reputation. On Christmas eve, 1849, in a row which occurred at the "Foot of Five," on the Portage Railroad, in this county, he had a personal rencontre with one Patrick Daley. The two were coal-miners or coakers. The result was that Moore seized a bayonet and repeatedly stabbed Daley in the body. The life of the latter was for a time despaired of, but he rallied and lived, and survived two years. For the crime, Moore was, January 9th, 1850, arraigned before our Quarter Sessions on a charge of "Assault and battery with intent to kill and murder." A true bill was found, but the case was continued. At October Sessions, 1850, the 9th day of the month, Moore was found guilty in manner and form as he stood indicted, and two days afterward was sentenced by the Court to pay a fine of $5 for use of the Commonwealth, the costs of prosecution, and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for a period of nine months. He was subsequently pardoned by Governor Wm. F Johnston. He is said to have led a wild, reckless life, and many are the sins of omission and commission attributed to him. His wives are three, if rumor speaks truly. But, until he shall have been tried for his life by a jury of twelve of his peers, these rumors or facts should not be allowed to militate against him.

The remains of the murdered woman, as we have said, were burned so as to be unrecognizable. At first, it was thought that the victim was a Mrs. Ambrose, a milliner of Johnstown; then, the name of a woman of Altoona was mentioned; and many other names were suggested in the same connection. But it appears to be definitely settled that the woman whose life went out in blood and groans and dismal darkness was a woman named Ann Doyle—one of the women whom Moore called wife. We are not intimately acquainted with the history of the woman Doyle, but have gleaned these facts connected with her career:

Ten or twelve years ago, a man named John B. Davis lived in this town. He was a shoemaker, and worked at that business for a time for Hon. R. Jones. He married a woman named Doyle, who lived for a time at McDonald's Ebensburg Hotel. Subsequently, he and family removed to Summerhill, where our knowledge of him ceases. The wife of Mr. Davis was a sister of the murdered woman, whose name was Ann Doyle. Ann lived in this neighborhood during the greater part of her lifetime, and at Summerhill met Moore, to whom she was subsequently married—at least, they lived together as man and wife. The allegation is that Moore deserted her and she went to Philadelphia to live. She returned here in quest, if not at the invitation, of her husband. The result is known.

P. S. Since the foregoing was written, we learn that a trunk belonging to the prisoner, and containing a number of letters, which may be of value in determining some matters relative to the indentification of Ann Doyle, alias Ann Moore, has been found. At Johnstown, on Monday, Moore handed to a prominent gentleman there a trunk check, requesting him to keep it until he (Moore) called for it. The gentleman to whom the check was given handed it over to the authorities. It was a check for a trunk shipped at Tyrone for Altoona. Of that trunk, which the authorities now have in their possession, the Johnstown ECHO of the present week has this to say:

"The trunk spoken of has been opened and a number of letters, some of them written by Michael Moore to Ann Moore, Philadelphia, were found. There were also some articles of ladies' clothing and a few trinkets of little value. The trunk had been checked from Tyrone to Altoona, and as it was not called for, it was thought advisable to open it. In the possession of Moore a check, calling for a piece of baggage to be shipped from Tyrone to that city, was found, and thus the last link in a fortuitous chain of circumstantial evidence has been supplied. There can be little doubt but that Moore persuaded his wife to meet him at Tyrone, and it only seems strange to us that he would bring her on to within a short distance of his home to accomplish his foul purpose."

Yesterday afternoon, a deputation of newspaper men, compising representatives of the FREEMAN, HERALD, ECHO, and N. Y. WORLD, waited on the Sheriff to obtain, if possible, an interview with the prisoner, Moore, but, in accordance with the advice of his counsel, Mr Bunacker declined to grant the request, such interview being deemed imprudent, for the present at least. Whether or not this was a correct view of the case is not for us to determine. From a person who had access to the cell of the prisoner we learn, however, that he declares he was not in the neighborhood of the scene of the murder on the day of its occurrence; that he had gone to Portage to get some money due him; that the woman murdered was killed by some one else; that, in short, though circumstances look exceedingly bad for him, he will be able to easily establish his innocence when the proper time arrives.

The last wife of Moore was in town yesterday. Her maiden name was McConnell. She lived with the prisoner when he was arrested. She stated that she was entirely ignorant that he had been married before, and was shocked at the report that she was one of THREE wives to the same man. She went back to Mineral Point last night, taking with her some dirty linen belonging to her husband.

DOINGS IN COURT.—We are under obligations to Mr. E. G. Kerr, law student and insurance agent, for a very full report of the proceedings in Court, up to the time of its adjournment on Thursday evening last, of which we have been forced to condense as follows:

Com'th vs. H. Haflan. Fornication and bastardy. Guilty. Usual sentence.

Com'th vs. John Hips. Assault and battery, 4th March. Jury called and sworn, who do find defendant guilty in manner and form as indicted. Sentence, five dollars fine and costs of prosecution, and to stand committed until this sentence be complied with.

Com'th vs. Edw'd McGlade. Assault and battery. Not guilty, but required to pay the costs.

Com'th, vs. George Gates. Murder. Not a true bill. Defendant discharged.

Comth vs. David H. Hopkins. Assault and battery. Not guilty and prosecutor, William Flynn, to pay the costs.

B. Leiber & Son vs. Linton & Son. Appeal. 4th March, 1872. Jury called and sworn, who do find for the defendant.

E. & H. Nutter vs. Charles Johnston. Sci. Fa. 5th March. Jury called and sworn, who do find for plaintiff.

Theo. M. Apple vs. Joseph Bardine. Action of Covenant. 5th March. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $100 damages.

Theo. M. Apple vs. Samuel Eakin. Summons in trespass. Verdict for defendant.

Geo. Miller vs. T. M. Apple. Appeal. Verdict for defendant.

Simon McFarland vs. T. M. Apple. Appeal. Jury find for plaintiff $70.89.

Michael Dunegan vs. Chas. McGough. Trespass. Defendant confesses judgment for plaintiff in one-half the amount paid on previous judgment.

James McQuillan vs. Margaret Kane. Summons in case for words spoken. Plaintiff becomes non-suit, with leave to move to take off non-suit on cause shown.

Daniel Kline vs. Adam Leiden. Appeal. Defendant confesses judgment in the sum of $50, with interest. Accepted by plaintiff, and suit dismissed.

In order to show how business is done by our "new Court," we feel constrained to make mention of a couple of incidents:

Monday afternoon, when the traverse Jury list was called, a certain popular landlord of Ebensburg, whose name was on the list, failed to put in an appearance. He came in soon after and made report. "There were you when your name was called?" asked the Judge. "I was attending to some little matters of business," was the reply. "Do you not know that it is your duty," said the Judge, "to be here on every and all occasions during the sitting of the Court, sir?" "Well, sir," replied our landlord, looking the room over, "I notice that there's a good many other jurymen that hain't here!"—The Judge is a teetotaler, else he would have smiled. The juror in question has been a very regular attendant at the sessions of the Court ever since.

On the afternoon of the same day a witness was called. He was in a delightful state of ebriosity. He bolted for the witness' stand without stopping to go through the little formality of taking the requisite oath. The clerk called him back and asked him how he would swear. Before answer could be made the Judge mildly remarked: "You are fined $25 for being intoxicated when you are wanted as a witness—to stand committed till the fine be paid." The walls of the jail encircled this unfortunate individual for a period of forty-eight hours.

WELL KNOWN FACTS.—It never was a very private affair, nor was ever any effort made to conceal the fact, that drugs, medicines, perfumeries, toilet articles, fancy stationery, jewelry, fancy goods, cigars, tobacco, etc., are kept in great profusion and offered for sale every day in the year at the popular and well patronized Drug Store of Messrs. Lemmon & Murray, High street, Ebensburg. Instead of these facts being a secret, they are well known to all, and everybody needing any of the goods sold by the firm named will do well to give them a call.

AN IMPOSER.—The height of a tree in latitude 41 north and longitude 2 degrees west from Washington is 90 feet; what is the length of its shadow at noon on said meridian, on the 15th day of October, 1872. Answer next week. By that time Harry Mayer will have sold out and sent over ten thousand dollars' worth of the cheapest made-up men's and boys' clothing that the present generation ever heard of.—Harry keeps at No. 214 Main street, Johnstown. Inquire for M. H. Mayer's Clothing Store, or the store where you get good bargains. All the same. Buy an overcoat now—the best time.

A POSER.—The height of a tree, diminished by 20 feet, is 60 feet, which is five-sevenths of its shadow; what is the length of the tree?—Answer, 112 feet. But it matters very little what the height of the tree is so long as John J. Murphy sells dry goods and dress goods for less than cost and carriage, at the cheap corner, commonly called the "Mansion House Corner," Johnstown. To lose one's life would be a great misfortune, but to lose John J. Murphy's cheap bargains in dry goods would be a calamity no one could get over very easily in this world.

A PUZZLER.—The height of a tree in latitude 41 north and longitude 2 degrees west from Washington is 60 feet, what is the length of its shadow, made by the moon, when on said meridian, the 15th night of October, 1872? Answer next eclipse. It is a puzzler to know how S. J. Hess & Co. can eclipse every body selling cheap clothing at No. 241 Main street, Johnstown.—Their stock is immense and their sales are immenser. That is how they can afford to sell so wonderfully cheap. The best of cloth and the best of sewing and the best of styles.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, March 6. 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Burgess Strayer has asked the council to fence the Public Square. This is a good move and in the right direction. It needs a fence, then trees, then a fountain.

A MURDER.

The body of a female was found near Mineral Point, three fourths of a mile east of Samuel Reighard's dwelling house and one and three-fourths of a mile from the railroad, on Saturday last, by John Shriver, who was out hunting foxes. The body was partly burned. Artificial teeth, a pair of steel spectacles, and hair was found near where she had been killed A man named Michael Moore has been arrested on suspicion. The Associated Press will make a full report long before this is in type.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Our District Court will soon cost more than it comes to. The President Judge will get at least $1,800 per year, the Associates $400 each, the annual rent for a hall will be $200, and other cost for jurors and the like not less than $600—making the entire cost $4,000 a year, for trying about forty trifling cases—$100 a case. There is a big fight between the papers and the judges about leasing the hall. We do not care who whips. Dishonesty is the ruling divinity now a days, wherever men get power, and nothing short of revolution will ever stop it. I want to die before that day comes.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.

C. W. Easly has become editor of the ECHO, in place of T. C. Myers, resigned. We wish the new editor much success. Mr. E. is a pointed and pungent writer, and all he wants is elbow room. We called to see the cozy new office, above D. M'Laughlin's law office. It is a third story room and has eight windows, so that there will be no lack of light. The only objection is that it is a third story. If an ECHO should happen to fall out of the window, there is not much doubt but that its BOWELS would gush out!

ON DIT.

We can find no fault in the proprietors of the Union Hall in trying to get as much rent as they can for it. The fault is with the judges, and we think friend SWANK, of the TRIBUNE, deserves much praise for the bold stand he has taken in favor of economy.

ASSAULTED AND ROBBED.

Mr. David Farner, a well known citizen of East Conemaugh, was assaulted by a party of roughs near the Lincoln House, in this place, on Saturday night last, and after being severely beaten, was robbed of $15 in money. His injuries are very painful, but not dangerous One of his assailants has been arrested and will be brought to trial for the outrage. The others, it is to be hoped, will meet a like fate.

FINALLY.

I may write again this week, when I get something to write about. If I do not, it is court week, and you can get the news without my furtherance.

Yours, ROB ROY.

SUMMERHILL TWP., March 5, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Local items are very scarce just now. The only occurrence worthy of note is a case of assault and battery, committed on your humble correspondent, "Soltero." The particulars of this affair are as follows: Two weeks ago an article appeared in your paper over the unique nom de plume of "Ku-Klux." The writer, doubtless actuated more by the love of a little sport than anything else, gave a burlesque notice of a ball which was to have but did not come off in Wilmore some three or four weeks ago. The production in question was not calculated to injure the feelings of any person of common sense. Among the participants, however, were several "touch me nots," who were silly enough to be offended thereat. Prominent among this class was the lady of the house, who immediately blamed the writer of this with the authorship of the obnoxious effusion, and threatened to "go for our scalp" at the first available opportunity. Well and good! On last Sunday, as we were emerging from church, this female pugilist confronted us, and after a few insulting remarks, assaulted and battered at us after the manner of a regular prize fighter, striking us twice in the face, and only desisting when we interposed our "strong right arm" and informed her that if she did not desist we would render a dental operation on her behalf necessary. Even after that she continued to shower Billingsgate upon us, and from time to time attempted to strike, but she found she had met her match, and that it was a more difficult task to take our scalp than it would have been to displace the artificial appendage which covers the dull cranium of her tame husband, who, by the way, was an accomplice in the unwomanly conduct of his "BETTER HALF."

It is not my intention to scathe my assailant too severely, as the criminal court of the county will doubtless teach her that she cannot attack an inoffensive person with impunity.

SOLTERO.

A MORMON ON A SMALL SCALE.—Says the Altoona *Tribune*: In the year 1867 a young man giving his name as Harry Haun, with a half dozen *aliases*, was married to a young lady in Philadelphia. Soon after the consummation of the marriage the couple moved to this section of the State and took up their residence in White township, Cambria county, the husband being employed by a lumberman in that locality.—Some months after they had made White township their home, Mr. Haun was taken sick and was sent to Philadelphia for medical treatment. It was not long after her departure until all communication between the couple ceased, the former refusing to support a wife who had been twice married to him—the first time by a Presbyterian minister, and afterward by a Catholic priest, in order to effectually tighten the matrimonial knot. Feeling lonely after a few months of "single misery," Haun left Cambria county's thousandfingers for a visit to this city, and at Capt. Compher's hotel, on Tenth avenue, met a domestic named Lizzie Price, from the vicinity of Roaring Springs, this county. The acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, followed by a sleigh ride and a quiet wedding, with the wedding supper at the hotel referred to. Haun then returned to Cambria county with wife No. 2, where it is reported they dwelt together in unity until a few days since, when wife No. 1 put in an appearance in this city and preferred a charge of Bigamy against the doubly married scoundrel. Gleaning information that Haun was in Altoona for the purpose of fleeing from an unpleasantness of a different aspect which awaited his return to Cambria county, a warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of Policeman Hazzard, and on Monday last the arrest of the Bigamist was effected in the vicinity of Whisky Row. When arrested Haun requested an interview with the proprietor of the hotel, to which the policeman acceded, when the former made a desperate effort to escape by jumping out of a window in the rear of the hotel and taking a rapid departure down tenth alley. The policeman gave chase and soon succeeded in the re-capture of the prisoner, who was taken before Alderman Durbin, of the Fifth ward, for a hearing. At the hearing the individual who had been so well married seemed extremely penitent for the course he had pursued and begged the forgiveness of Wife No. 1, but the latter would not listen to his pitcous appeals and seemed determined to let the law have full sway in the premises. In accordance with the evidence elicited at the hearing Alderman Durbin committed the bigamist to jail, at Hollidaysburg, to which institution he was taken in the afternoon. Previous to his arrest Haun attempted to sell a horse, which he rode to this city, for the purpose of raising sufficient money to meet the expenses of a trip to Baltimore. It was also elicited at the hearing that Haun was in possession of an additional wife residing in the State of Maryland, to whom he was married several years since.

NEVER, in the history of inventions, has an article bounded into public favor with the rapidity of the Domestic Sewing Machine.

Agents who have been in business for years, and who know what a good sewing machine is, pronounce in its favor.

In fact, the General Agents have so many applications from old and experienced canvassers, that they scarcely know who to choose.

A sample album of work done on this machine which is furnished to agents is really as much a work of art as a fine painting. Such delicate puffing, tucking and ruffling on fabrics light as air, such exquisite embroidery of birds and flowers, such beautiful stitching and quilting on the finest satin, besides elegant samples of hemming and felling, together with every kind of sewing on every kind of goods, was never before dreamed of.

Messrs. R. W. Steadman & Co., of 411 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, will send circulars on application.

A QUESTION.—The height of a tree is 60 feet, five-sevenths of its shadow diminished by 20 feet; what is the length of the shadow? Answer next week. But there is no doubt about James J. Murphy selling the cheapest made-up clothing in Johnstown. Call at No. 109 Clinton street and make yourself look comfortable and feel comfortable by purchasing an entire suit of James J. Murphy's ready-made. Star of the sign! Boys' ready made. Overcoats as cheap as maple sugar at 6 cts. a pound. See to this.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HEMLOCK, PA., March 4, 1872.

Editor of Cambria Freeman—In looking over the columns of your paper a short time ago I found a communication from some person who is evidently anxious to gain a little notoriety by getting himself in print, and in order to accomplish that had to get a subject, which he did in the person of the collector and treasurer of the school district here. All this would have been well enough had your correspondent, after finding his subject, just confined himself to a plain statement of facts. This he has failed to do, his whole letter being a base fabrication from beginning to end. He is not a resident of Slabtown, as he terms it, to begin with, and is simply doing the citizens of that village an injustice by saddling on the community a statement which there is not a man among them but would scorn to make. Unlike "Civis," they attend to their own affairs, and have no time to slander their neighbors. The residence of the collector in Pittsburgh is but temporary, as "Civis" no doubt very well knows, and the fact of him being interested in business in an adjoining county does not by any means make or fix his occupation there. "Civis" should have had intelligence enough to have known this, or at least been sharp enough not to have exposed his ignorance by such an assertion. The simple fact of a man being entrusted with the funds of a school district don't prohibit him from being engaged in business outside of said district, and no person of common sense would make this a charge against him. To my certain knowledge, the collector of this district has not been outside of the county one week in a month during the entire winter, nor has there been an order presented to him by a teacher that has not been paid; and I venture to say here, that there will not be one presented that will not be paid so long as there is a dollar of school funds in his hands. "Civis" says the citizens of the district are pressed for the taxes. That is another lie. One half of the citizens have not yet paid their taxes, and I dare say, if "Civis" is a taxable at all, he is among the number, and I have yet to hear any of them complain about being pressed. There is no doubt the teachers need their money, and some of them get it before they earn it. If any farmer has exchanged produce for school orders, as "Civis" asserts, it is because he had taxes to pay, and the order was money to him, while at the same time the other party was accommodated just as well as if he had presented the order to the treasurer and received his money, as he might have done, and then paid cash for the produce. In regard to the question of interest, I have only to say that there has not been a dollar of interest paid on a debt contracted by the School Board since the present treasurer has had charge of the funds. His last assertion is too contemptible for notice.

In conclusion, I have only this to say: The present treasurer was born and reared in the district, is well known to every citizen in it, and if his reputation for honesty and integrity had not been above reproach it is not likely that a school board composed of honest, upright and intelligent gentlemen would have entrusted him with the funds. Unlike most of his predecessors, he is ready and willing to settle up the affairs of the district and pay every dollar that is due the district at any time he may be called upon for that purpose, and will still have funds enough left to go into business outside the county, should he think proper to do so. If any one doubts my statement as to the allegations in the production from Slabtown, I would refer him to such gentlemen as M. McGeough, Esq., P. McGough, Esq., Mr. John Hamilton, the School Board, and others, who know all about the affairs of the district.

A word or two more, I would modify the motion of "Civis" by forming an independent district and moving "Civis" into it. I have no doubt it would be more satisfactory and less troublesome to the citizens generally.

FAIR PLAY.

JOHNSTOWN, March 5, 1872.

Editar Freeman—For some time past I have thought of writing to you on a subject fraught with vital interests to fully three-fourths of the inhabitants of this city and neighborhood. It is that of the *Pass-Book System*, a thing I never saw in the last *Echo* a petition to the State Legislature praying for the abolishment of this monstrous, iniquitous system. It is no empty, silly grievance that could call forth a petition signed by our leading and most respected men of nearly every branch of business.

Our case is simply thus: A man has to work before a scorching furnace or dig deep in the mines for two months before he can draw one cent of what he labors hard for. He then, at the end of the second month, gets *one month's* pay, less the amount charged on his pass-book. The Company retains the other month's wages and by that means are enabled to carry on their mammoth store, the money there invested being swelled due to the workmen. Is this fair, honorable or just? The public say it is not. The very system is illegal and in order to evade the law the Cambria Iron Company give orders for *goods* on Wood, Morrell & Co., which is just the same as if Jack gave an order on John, or Jim on James, for Jack, Jim, John and James, in relation to Wood, Morrell & Co. as Jim does to James, or Jack to John. They are one and indivisible. The Pass-Book System not only cripples the progress of our town, but it is calculated to make bad and extravagant housekeepers of the men's wives who are compelled to trade at them. This and some other things I will show in my next. In the interest of the laborer, the mechanic and the merchant I ask you to insert this. ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

AWFUL.—A certain man (we don't like to mention names,) told it in one of our town barrooms last week, that he heard it from a man in the Post Office, who had it direct from his younger brother, who had heard a little girl talk about it at school, who said she heard her grandmother telling one of the neighbors that she had overheard one of the boys telling the story confidentially to one of his chums, whom he assured that he had heard from a man who heard it from his grandfather's cousin, that a certain married man and a certain unmarried woman, living in the upper end of town, were observed talking confidentially together about 9 o'clock in the evening, at the gate of a certain house not many squares from a certain other gentleman's residence. This story, after passing through some respectable (?) hands was traced by one of the Chief Slan. Ex. Com., to the above reliable source, and is as a fair sample of the ridiculous reports afloat in all towns.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING!—*Great Reduction of Stock and Prices.*—Being determined to reduce our assortment to the lowest possible point before TAKING STOCK, we have gone over all our goods and MARKED DOWN THE PRICES to figures that are bound to sell them. Many articles have been reduced to cost, and others below cost.

Have a very handsome line of Double and Single Shawls; also, Paisley, Broche and Thibet Shawls—all of which must be sold, even at a sacrifice.

A large stock of White and colored Blankets, Bradle's and other makes of Barred Flannels, Cassimeres, Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Notions, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, and other merchandise in great variety—all bought this season and now selling at Panic Prices at

GEIS & FOSTER'S

Popular Dry Goods Store, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS. John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Allegheny, is prepared to supply Metallic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

WAR WITH ENGLAND will not raise the prices of Geis & Ruth's beautiful, bright, rich and rare patterns of gilt Wall Papers, as they purchase all their stock for cash. They have paid more for their huge assortment of elegant Paper Hangings than England will ever pay for the Alabama claims. Call and see Geis & Ruth, on Clinton street, Johnstown, and take what you a little money, and in coming away don't fail to bear with you a bountiful supply of fancy wall papers, beautiful books, pretty pictures, flashy frames, or other articles from among the lots of nice things there to be had cheap.

LUMBER.—The height of a tree is 60 feet, the diameter 3 feet, and as straight as a sunbeam; how many feet of boards would its shadow produce? Answer, dubious. But Butler & Aldenditer, Mayer's old stand, No. 212 Main street, Johnstown, are attracting an immense custom at their dry goods store, owing to their elegant stock, new styles, and low prices. This firm keep everything in the way of fancy and dress goods that ladies need. Be sure to give them a call. Remember the place, see the splendid big sign, and don't forget to buy something.

OPPOSITION.—The height of a tree is 80 feet, diminished by 20 feet, which is five-sevenths of its shadow; what is the length of the shadow? Answer, 55 feet. But L. Cohen has no opposition in selling the cheapest hats and caps ever was. He is now selling furs for almost nothing and giving a present into the bargain. Mr. C. absolutely sells cheap at No. 227 Main st., Johnstown. Those who know him need not be told this, but these lines may meet the eyes of some who do not know how cheap he does sell.

—USE NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
—It is the best.
—Contains nothing injurious.
—Clear as crystal.
—No sediment or filth.
—Does not stain the skin.
—Elegantly perfumed.
—Restores gray hair.
—Prevents the hair from falling off.
—See advertisement.
—Sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg.

THE editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, who is clerk to Judge Potts' court, has come to the conclusion that the Court House ring in Ebensburg are *angels*, when compared with the ring surrounding the District Court. When rogues fall out, etc.

Literary Notices.

The Celtic Weekly.—Such is the title of a new story paper just to hand. It contains no less than *seven* original serials, besides finished stories, humorous sketches, poetry and a host of excellent reading. There are no advertisements. The *Celtic Weekly* is illustrated, and from the evidence of the first number we are inclined to the belief that the paper will be eminently successful. The price is six cents.

What Next?—"What Next?" is the peculiar title of a new monthly paper for "Wide-awake boys and girls." It is very attractive in form and feature, and its contents is interesting and instructive; fully equal to the best of its high priced competitors. The name of the editor is not given, but the specimen before us shows marked skill and ability, and indicates experience. The subscription price is surprisingly low, being only 50 cents a year, 25 cents in clubs of four and 20 cents when twenty-five or more are ordered to one address. Specimen copies are sent on receipt of stamp. Address, Publisher of WHAT NEXT? Chicago, Ill.

The Aldine for March.—With this number the full scope and resources of the American Art department begin to be fairly manifest, and we turn its pages with a proud consciousness that, at last, we have a work which shall do credit to the taste and talent of our country. Those who were so pleased with the inimitable conception of Maud Muller, given in the January number, will be glad to recognize the powerful pencil of Miss Davis on the first page of this issue. Here she has given the hero of "Hood's Bridge of Sighs," as she stands in her desperation, undeterred by the minor terrors of "the black arch or the dark flowing river." The artist has with wonderful power fixed "the daring last look of despairing"—yet the face is that of a woman, one endowed with the, to her, alas! fatal gift of beauty. The next illustrations are a series of six, which, with the magnificent full page, "Blowing Rock," illustrate an appreciative and enthusiastic article on the scenery of Western North Carolina. The illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. Pignet, and the three principal ones, "On the Linville," "Watauga Falls," and "Blowing Rock," are rendered by three masters of the graver, Bogert, Gerald, and Henry Linton—to the first, a native American artist, is probably due the highest rank in the engraving world, and the picture before us would alone go far to establish the claim—for wealth of detail and perfect preservation of the artist's pencil effects, this block is a wonderful exhibition of power and faithful devoted attention. The portrait of "Man's Unselfish Friend" will be welcome to—everybody, for who does not love a dog? There are several smaller cuts which deserve attention, and the literature, prose and poetry, is of that high order which gives *The Aldine* a still further claim on the American people for recognition and support, and is

GRAND JURY STORIES.

Col. T. W. Knox, in *Scribner's* for March, has an article on the famous New York Grand Jury, of which he was a member. We quote as follows:

Not many days after we were convened, a case that touched the heart of every man in the room was brought before us. A young girl had been accused of theft; a few dollars in money had been stolen; it was found in her possession, and she had made partial confession.—The complainant was a woman, and the accused had been in her employ. When the case was called the woman entered the jury room and was sworn by the foreman. She took the chair assigned to witnesses, and the foreman questioned her:

"Did you lose some money?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you lose it?"

"On the first day of December."

"Who took it?"

"The girl named in the complaint."

"How do you know she took it?"

"I found it in her possession, and she confessed taking it."

"That will do; you can go."

But the woman kept her seat, and moved her hands uneasily. "You can go," said the foreman again, but she did not start. A juror sitting near the door rose to show her out, and as he did so the woman said:

"I do not wish to press the complaint. I want to withdraw it, and have the girl released."

"Why so?" asked the foreman.

"Because," and her voice began to choke, "because the poor girl is young, and I do not wish to ruin her. Somebody else urged her to steal the money, and I think she will do better in future. If I send her to prison she may become a professional thief, but if I give her a chance she will be a good girl. She is an orphan and has no friends, and I want to be her friend. I know she is guilty, but I want to be merciful, and I beg you to be merciful, gentlemen."

Half her utterance was drowned with tears, which flowed rapidly down her face. The foreman told her to step outside and he would call her again in a few moments, and inform her of the result of her eloquent appeal. "Be merciful, gentlemen," were her last words as she closed the door.

It was voted to dismiss the complaint, and when the foreman called her to the room, told her of the result of the vote, and commended her for her kindness of heart, her tears flowed afresh, and she thanked us through broken sobs. I know that in that room more eyes than hers were wet—eyes not accustomed to tears.

But soon a discussion arose as to the propriety of our action. When the Grand Jury was impaneled, the following oath was administered to the foreman:

"You, Lucius S Comstock, as Foreman of this Grand Inquest, shall diligently inquire and true presentment make, of all such matters and things as shall be given you in charge; the counsel for the People of this State, your fellows and your own, you shall keep secret; you shall present no one from envy, hatred, or malice; nor shall you leave any one unpresented through fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward; but you shall present all things truly as they come to your knowledge, according to your understanding. So help you God!"

And to the other members the following oath was administered:

"The same oath which your Foreman has taken on his part, you, and each of you, shall well and truly observe and keep on your part. So help you God!"

Some of the jurors thought we had no right, under our oath, to show favor, no matter how strong might be the appeal to our sympathies. Every man in the room wished to be lenient, but at the same time, above all other things, wished to do his duty. The discussion resulted in our sending for the District Attorney and asking his advice.

After hearing the case, he said there was a difference of opinion as to the power of a Grand Jury. "You can undoubtedly," he continued, "exercise your discretion in certain cases, and act as you think is for the best interests of society. It is both right and proper that the Grand Jury, and also the District Attorney, should be clothed with a discretionary power, as it frequently happens that they can do more good by exercising it than by following the strict letter of the law. I will give you an illustration: Some years ago, the case of a young man charged with embezzlement was placed in my hands to prosecute. His employer was determined to push the case, he was rather ugly about it, and there seemed no other course than to prosecute. The young man was out on bail, and came to me to beg to be let off. He said he was guilty, and should so plead; that he had an invalid sister, and with the utmost economy on his small salary he was unable to support himself. He knew that this was no excuse for his theft, but he took the money under great temptation, and did not realize the enormity of his offense until after he had committed it. 'You can send me to the penitentiary,' he said, 'and nobody can blame you; but you will ruin me for life, and bring disgrace upon my parents and sister, who do not know that I am charged with crime. If I can be released and the matter hushed up, I will faithfully promise to do better in future, and I think this will be a life-long lesson to me." He pleaded so earnestly that I promised to do what I could for him. I sent for his accuser, and urged him to withdraw the charge. At first he refused, but I laid the case before him in such a light that he at last consented. And I then urged him to take the young man back and give him a new trial, and after much talk I succeeded—The complaint was withdrawn, the young man was restored to his position; in a little time his salary was increased; by and by the firm dissolved in consequence of the death of one of its members; the young man went to another house, proved himself worthy of confidence, and to-day he is a member of that house, and as honorable and upright as any business man in New York. He has never forgotten, and never will forget, that lesson. If he had gone to the penitentiary his worst fears would have been realized. When an offender is young, the offense is a first one, and the offender appears penitent, it is entirely proper for you to exercise leniency by dismissing the complaint; and in the case now before you, gentlemen, you have been entirely right in your action."

As the District Attorney ended his remarks, there was a round of applause, in which I am very certain every member of the jury participated. Those who had been most doubtful of the propriety of our action were heartily glad that their doubts were not well founded.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, entirely cures all eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTOR BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 5, '71.-ly.]

Dr. Crook's WILD CHERRY TAR Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; perhaps no remedy ever compounded, ever merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all. Asthma.—The relief and cure of it are marvelous. Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure. Throat Ailments respond only a few doses. Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable. Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system. Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ ever discovered. Dyspepsia.—Action on the stomach cures it. Appetite.—It is health-giving and appetite-creating. Nervous Diseases.—Action on them is marked and prompt. THE CROOK'S WILD CHERRY OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity unappreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wild Cherry of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Blotches, Child's Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease arising from a tainting or depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root.

This compound is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO.

AND RETURN.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY, HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXCURSION TICKET!

Moses, Andrew

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. M. L. OATMAN,

Ebensburg, pril 22, 1871.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.

PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS.

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions**, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm**, and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility**, and **Leucorrhœa**, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

EBENSBURG

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

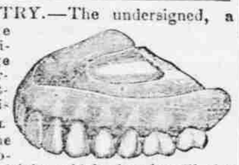
☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.



Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

LEMMON & PLANK,

Practising Physicians,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office in rear of Lemmon & Murray's Drug and Book Store, High street. [Jul27-6m.]

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Convenient. [Jan20.-tf.]

A NOVEL IN ONE CHAPTER.—One day there was a great feast in a great house. A wealthy young merchant was giving a dinner-party one winter evening. The guests had just entered the dining room, when suddenly a carriage drove up to the door, and the portals once more opened at a reverberating knock. A tall, elegant girl presently entered the dining-room.—Perhaps if she had been able to glance carefully at the faces of some of those who were assembled, she would have seen more slight marks of surprise. None was expressed; she was greeted with favor by the lady who did the honors of the house, and had a seat next the host. Everybody was charmed with the beauty and grace of the fair apparition. The dinner was hardly finished when the visitant discovered that she had made a mistake. She had come to the wrong house. The right dinner-party was the very next door. The young merchant had already fallen in love with his guest, and he woed and won her. I am not quite certain about the details of the story—how she was alone and without any friends—but, for all that, the story is true, and I trust I may be excused the telling of it.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.—We had some comical times in our first Sunday-school. The children could not understand how a Sunday-school differed from any other; and the first Sunday they brought their slates, and wanted copies set, and to "do sums."

There was one boy who was always asking questions; queer questions they were, too.

I used to wish sometimes that I could take the top of his head off for a minute and look inside and see what kind of a brain it was that thought of such things.

One Sunday the lesson was upon the Creation.

He raised his hand to signify that he wanted to ask a question.

"Well, what is it?"

"Yer say dar was on'y one man den?"

"Yes there was only one man."

"Dar warn't no oder man, no place, no-whars?"

"No; there was no other man on the earth."

"Den, ef dar wor on'y one man, an' that ar man want ter sell a cow, I jes' like ter know how he gwine to do it."

A SECRET.—"How do you do, Mrs. Tone—have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Gad—do tell?"

"Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world; no I must never tell on't. I am afraid it will git out."

"Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, je-t as true as the world; what is it come tell."

"Now you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"No I'll never open my head about it, never. Hope to die this minit."

"Well, if you'll believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night, that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichen's that her grandmother heard by a letter that she got from her third sister's second husband's eldest brother's stepdaughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clamboat arrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wore skinskin bustles, stuffed with pickled eels' toes!"

SINGULAR DEVOTION.—In the latter part of 1863, during the Rebellion, a soldier whose name is unknown died near New Creek, West Va., but papers found on his person proved him to be from Washington county, Pa. At the time of his death he had a dog to whom he was greatly attached. The dog followed his dead master to his grave, and as his comrades were filling up his grave, the devoted friend whined piteously, and tried to get the dirt from out the grave. Every exertion was made to get the dog away from the grave, but the dog kept its stand, only taking time enough each day to go and find a spare morsel to eat. Even the bitterest Rebels fed the dog—honoring such devoted loyalty. He remained guarding the grave until about one month ago, when death relieved him of his duty—having stood a devoted watch of more than eight years. About twenty-five citizens buried him, erecting a board with the following inscription: "Here lies the remains of Poor Dog *Rosecrantz*, the Unknown Soldier's Devoted Friend."

On a recent declamation day, in a New Jersey school, a promising young idea shot off the subjoined:

"Our yeller hen has broke her leg, O, nary more she'll lay an egg; the brindle cow has gone plump dry, and sister Sal has eat the pie; this earth is full of sin and sorrow, we're born to-day and die to-morrow."

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man,
And when she woo'ed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man.
But now with folly, dress and pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
The People call them whim men!

A MINISTER at a colored wedding who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister $10, but in this case we will omit it."

QUESTION FOR SCHOOLS.—If a milkmaid, four feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three legged stool, took four pints of milk from every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's age?

A THREE-YEAR-OLD Michigander can read his primer all through and write his name legibly.

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES.

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS

now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb, 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. R. ZAHM..... JAS. B. ZAHM

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 50 and 152 Union Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat hair s.
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Geis & Foster,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street.

Johnstown, Pa.

Invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS
CARPETS, OIL OIL CLOTHS, &c.,

AT EVERY PRICE!

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

GEO. W. OATMAN.....J. GALLITZIN LAKE.

OATMAN & LAKE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Prompt attention given to CLAIMS of all kind in Cambria county, and throughout the United States and Canada. [Feb. 10.-ly.*]

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. T. B. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SECHLER & SCANLAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Advice given in English and German.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY

SHOEMAKER & BERRY

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

March 11, 1871. EBENSBURG, PA.

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

Anecdote of President Jackson.

Henry A. Wise, of Va., has published a volume of "Recollections," from which we take this good one of General Jackson:

But on another occasion his ignorance of language did entangle him in a ridiculous mistake, and almost in a scrape.—During his administration, while Louis McLane, of Delaware, was Secretary of State, France sent a certain dashing young minister to Washington, a young man just elevated above the grade of *Charge*, whose passion was display. His outfit of equipage, grooms, postillions and gold lace was magnificent. He called on the Secretary of State to appoint an audience with the President; and Mr. McLane, an accomplished, easy gentleman, begged him to call the next morning at 10 o'clock, at the State office, and he would accompany and present him to the President.

Monsieur le Ministere mistook as to the place of calling. He thought he was to call at the President's mansion at 10 o'clock, a m. Accordingly, in full panoply of costume, in coach-and-four, with attendants, grooms, postillions, out riders and footmen, at the hour appointed he drove up to the door of the White House, instead of the State Department, where Mr. McLane was awaiting his arrival.

At that time the President was served by a French cook, and the celebrated Irishman, Jemmy O'Neal, was General Jackson's petted major domo. The hour was about the time of General Jackson's finishing puff of the pipe after breakfast, and he smoked, as he did everything else, with all his might. His mode was no Latakia curl, no dreamy, thready line from barely opened lips; but a full volume of drawing and expanding white cloud rising up whiff after whiff, puff after puff, and bowl and stem and pipe all smoked as hard as they could, and the fire was red and the ashes hot, and the whole room was so obfuscated that one could hardly breathe its atmosphere, or see. His usual mode of sitting while smoking, was with his left leg thrown across his right, and the left toe brought behind the right tendon-Achilles, and the long pipe stem resting on the fork or crotch of the two knees, and reaching almost to the floor. He smoked the old Powhattan bowl, with red stem very long. In this attitude he was sitting and smoking while Mr. McLane was waiting at the State Office and Mr. Minister was riding up to the Presidential mansion—He arrived—the French cook in the kitchen and Jemmy O'Neal about his business, and General Jackson in his office. A bustle was made, bells began to ring, Jemmy was summoned to the door, and there presented itself all this parade. "Divil the word" could Jemmy understand, and the best he could do was to run up stairs to the General and announce somebody very grand, but Jemmy winked that all didn't seem right, as there seemed too much fuss for so soon in the morning, and it might be, after all, an imposition. "Och, there was no telling about the thing, it was so unusual!" It might turn out what afterwards occurred a Lawrence affair. The General quietly replied, "Oh, Jemmy, show the stranger up—we'll see who it is." Jemmy ran, and the General sat smoking, when presently the door was thrown wide open, and a manikin of gold lace entered, cocked hat, bullion and white feather, flourished in hand, and making a salaam to the right and a salaam to the left with tremendous sweeps, whizzing and whirring French with vehement gestures, and approaching nearer and nearer; it seemed threatening in the extreme.

The President quit smoking, beat the bowl of his pipe in his hand, rose quickly, took hold of the back of the chair and exclaimed with a loud voice, "By the eternal Gods, Jemmy O'Neal, who is this?"

Jemmy, with eyes and ears open, and hands ready, was amazed looking on, when, fortunately, he bethought himself of the French cook, who with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, and just as he was besprinkled white with flour, ran up with Jemmy, arriving just in time to save Mr. Minister's pate from being smashed by the chair in General Jackson's hands.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the cook; "it is the grand Minister of Louis Philippe!"

"Oh!" said the General: "walk in, sir, there is no ceremony here!" and he was about taking the Minister by both hands just as Mr. McLane entered to see the mistake, to witness the prevention of the catastrophe, and to enjoy the joke, which made him a thousand times afterward "shake" with jollity "like a bowlful of jelly."

A TRAIN IN THE AIR.—And now comes a spiritual medium to Philadelphia and proclaims in all seriousness that a wonderful event will occur at Xenia, Ohio, on the track of the Little Miami railroad, the second day of April next, whereby the whole world will be converted to spiritualism. The event will be nothing more nor less than the lifting of a train of passenger cars, full of passenger, and engine, high into the air, and then letting it down again to the track, without injury to any one. This is to be witnessed by a large number of people, but more especially by a crowd that will be congregated about a tavern that stands near the station, all of whom will be converted to spiritualism. The strangest part of this strange, not to say ridiculous revelation, is that a young Philadelphia physician, named ——, is to on board the train, and the moment it begins to ascend he is to become seized with a mania to dissect the heads of the passengers, to see what is passing through their craniums. He will be restrained only by the brakeman assuring him that when high enough in the air, new diseases will be developed, upon which he can satisfy his scalping *penchant*.

This is no joke; it is revealed in all seriousness, and its fulfilment is looked for by the sincere believers of the doctrine in Philadelphia. The medium through whom the prediction comes is now in that city, and will, we believe, hold seances and deliver a lecture on the subject there, soon. He is firm in his conviction, and believes that the phenomenon will not only occur, but will be the means of converting the passengers, and eventually the whole world, to the doctrine of spiritual agency. Tilton will have to come again. This "mejum" has seen his blind, and gone one better. Next,